The Valley of the Pereau in Kings County with Cape Blomidon in the distance. Many interesting Indian legends cluster around Blomidon, one of the landmarks of Western Nova Scotia. Reached by road from both Kentville and Wolfville.

See page 20

FOLKLORE OF NOVA SCOTIA

BY

MARY L. FRASER

TO MY MOTHER

FOREWORD

The purpose of this study of the Folklore of Nova Scotia was primarily academic; but the interest shown in the old stories, and the many requests for their preservation in book form, encouraged their collector to have them published. This study does not pretend to be exhaustive. With the time and opportunities at her disposal, it was impossible for the author to do much more than blaze a trail. The fact that it was more convenient for her to collect material at first hand in Cape Breton and Eastern Nova Scotia, accounts for the preponderance of stories from these sections of the province.

The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to the Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D., and the several clergymen in Cape Breton who gave her valuable assistance and encouragement; to the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame by whose whole-hearted co-operation this study was made possible; and to the men and women who gave so readily of their stories. She is also indebted in a very special manner to Rev. John P. Monaghan, Ph.D., Professor of English, Fordham University, N.Y., who suggested the subject and directed her work.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTORY

Folklore has been defined as the "traditional customs, tales, beliefs or sayings, especially of a superstitious or legendary nature preserved unreflectively among a people." (i). The term is likewise applied to the science that investigates these legends and superstitions with a view to learning from them the thoughts and ideals of the people among whom they are found. Sir Lawrence Gomme defines the Science of Folklore as "an effort to study man as he primitively reached out for knowledge."

To the student, then, folklore has a deep significance; for to him it is the sole available record of the unlettered childhood of the human race. In their myths and legends he can trace their customs, manners, modes of thought, ideas of God and the supernatural. For this study, folklorists have taken stories from the dictation of American Indians, South Sea Islanders, Lapps, Germans, Celts, Russians; missionaries have published tales from the savages of Africa; Chinese and Egyptian manuscripts have been laboriously deciphered. All possess common elements. The magic apple, for instance, figures in the tales of many diverse people. We have the Apple of Discord (ii.) in the classics; the apple that was priceless although not magical in the story "The Three Apples," in the Arabian Nights (iii); "Iduna's Apples," in the Norse tale (iv), where Iduna feasted the Aesir on this fruit, and they grew young and beautiful again; the magic apples of the Celtic tale "The Three Soldiers" (v) in which the king's daughter

(i) Standard Dictionary.
(ii) Gayley's Classic Myths.
(iii) "History of the Three Apples," Arabian Nights Entertainments.
(iv) "Iduna's Apples," Myths from Many Lands, arranged by Eva March Tappan.
(v) Popular Tales of the West Highlands, J. F. Campbell.

transports the soldier to a green island by means of a magic cloth, and there he finds apples that transform his head into a deer's, and others that cure him. All these stories show that the apple must have been regarded with peculiar veneration by primitive peoples. In like manner the beliefs regarding giants, swords, horses, may be traced through the tales of different peoples. These similarities seem to point to one conclusion—that they exist not by chance, but because of a common origin in some remote past.

The Celtic richness of imagination has woven into the general myths a romantic element that makes them unique among the masses of folklore. Here we can follow the wanderings of the race from east to west through forests and wilds inhabited by savages and wild beasts; here again we find them on the battle field of Celt and Scandinavian—Erin and Lochlann—with giants, fairies and enchanted princes in mortal combat, and the battle always won by the righteous. The White Sword of Light, a favorite magical instrument of these tales, carries one back to the ages when iron had been but lately discovered and weapons made from it were sufficiently rare to be invested with preternatural qualities. Horseshoes, hammers and guns, other favorite subjects, emphasize the magical properties ascribed to iron. That these superstitions die hard, can readily be seen even at the present time, when a horseshoe, particularly if found by chance, is invested with luck-bringing powers.

It is this Celtic strain that predominates in the folklore of Nova Scotia. The immigrants from Ireland and Scotland, especially from the Highlands, brought with them the inherited idealism of their race; their faith in God and the supernatural; exuberant imagination that peopled with preternatural life their homeland streams and forests, their hills and valleys, aye, even the very clouds and the foam of the sea. Their wealth of myth and legend they brought with them from the old land, and found in the new a ready grafting place for their legend-

ary lore. The very contour of the land lent itself to the tales, for here they found old Scotia anew, less rugged, more fertile it is true, yet very like in the variety and grandeur of its scenery.

Around newly-kindled hearth fires the old *sgéulachdan* (tales) were related at the *Célidh* (friendly visit) in the poetic language of the Gael. So faithfully were the old stories preserved that they scarcely differ from those that were contemporary in the Highlands. Gradually new tales were added—new tales with a local habitation and a name. The keen spiritual insight of the old Highlanders was not dulled by exile. Soon stretches of woods were peopled with spirits—terrifying ones they usually were; witches plied their fell trade in remote mountain districts; and here and there a man with "The Sight" saw visions and dreamed dreams.

These tales which have grown up on Nova Scotian soil, together with those of the Acadians, the descendants of the first French colonists of Canada, make an interesting field of study. But when they are put into the setting made ages ago by our Micmac Indians, who ascribe the presence of certain islands, rocks, mountains and caves to the creative power of a wonder-working giant named Glooscap, we have a folklore of which so young a country as Nova Scotia may well be proud.

XIV

FOLKLORE

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

A glance at the map of Canada reveals the Province of Nova Scotia at the extreme east jutting out into the Atlantic Ocean, which buffets its eastern, southern, and western shores. In fact, with the exception of twelve miles, where the Isthmus of Chignecto joins it to New Brunswick, our province is completely surrounded by water. The Bay of Fundy on the northwest and Northumberland Strait on the north, complete its boundaries. A closer look will show that Nova Scotia is composed of two natural divisions, the peninsula of Nova Scotia proper and the Island of Cape Breton, which is separated from it by a deep navigable water passage fourteen miles long and a mile broad, called the Strait of Canso. Look now at the indentations in the coast line, and you will not find it hard to believe that there are 1,200 miles of it, apart from Cape Breton's inland sea.

Owing to our geographical position at the front door of Canada, it is not surprising that Nova Scotia should be the first part of America visited by Europeans. To the old Norse sagas the compilers of the "Chronicles of Canada" have gone for the record of these visits. As early as 986 A.D. a hardy Norse sailor named Bjarne sailing from Iceland to Greenland, was driven by unfavorable winds to a part of the Canadian coast which, from the description given in the old saga may have been Nova Scotia, New-

foundland or Labrador. Again in 1000 A.D., Lief, son of Eric the Red of Norway, set out from Greenland and reached a place which corresponds to Nova Scotia in climate and general appearance. He named the place Markland (the Land of Forests). He and his men spent a winter here.

In 1007 A.D., Thorfinn Karlsevne attempted to form a permanent settlement in Markland, and for that purpose brought out a number of colonists. During his stay here a son was born to him who was probably the first white child born in America. (i).

Apart from these old Norse sagas nothing more is heard of our province until John Cabot's voyage of discovery in 1497. This intrepid sailor, at his first landing in America, stepped on shore and claimed the land first for God by planting the cross in its soil, then for England, the land of his adoption, by unfurling the banner of St. George for the first time on American soil. Cape Breton's claims to being that soil are based mainly on a map made by John Cabot's son Sebastian, which was discovered in Germany in 1843 and which bears the date 1544. On this map the north-eastern point of North America, which corresponds to Cape North, Cape Breton Island, is named "prima terra vista". (ii).

Basque and Breton fishermen followed in the wake of the Cabots and landed in Cape Breton. A relic of their having been here apart from the very name Cape Breton, we find in the name Baccalaos, the Basque for cod, which is applied to Cape Breton on the earliest maps. (iii).

Authentic history begins for Nova Scotia in 1604 with the coming of De Monts and his company, of which Samuel de Champlain was one, and the founding of the first permanent settlement of Port Royal in the northwest of the peninsula. This historic spot is located in a valley between

(i) Chronicles of Canada Vol. I., Dawn of Canadian History by Stephen Leacock.
(ii) Ibid. and Cape Breton, by C. W. Vernon.
(iii) Cape Breton, by C. W. Vernon.

two mountain ranges, the North Mountain, which extends along the margin of the Bay of Fundy from Digby Strait on the west to Cape Blomidon on the east; and South Mountain, a range of hills which runs eastward to the Strait of Canso, thus forming a central watershed through the peninsula.

If you ride through this beautiful valley in the month of June, the odor of apple blossoms will perfume your way for fifty miles, for this is Nova Scotia's finest fruit growing district. Some of the choicest of these apples, for example, the Beliveau, are called by the name of their planters—a sad reminder of the Acadian inhabitants of this valley, the story of whose expulsion embodies the greatest tragedy in the history of the province. These people were the descendants of sixty families who came from France to settle in Port Royal (now Annapolis), the first permanent settlement in Canada. For over a century they toiled to make homes for themselves, and by 1713 A.D. their villages dotted Minas Basin and the shores of the Bay of Fundy from Beaubassin (Amherst) to Port Royal.

During all this time their mother country was very apathetic in their regard. Edouard Richard in "Acadia or Missing Links in a Lost Chapter of American History," describes their situation thus: "For a century they were strangers to France and to Canada. They had formed habits and built up traditions that made them a separate people. They were Acadians." They had named their country Acadie. They had cultivated the fertile stretches of territory which extend along the Bay of Fundy and Minas Basin; they had built comfortable homes, and were a peaceful, light-hearted people. Missionaries had converted the Indians and had made them the friends of the Acadians.

The wars between France and England had left this happy, contented people unmolested. True the province had passed from France to England and back to France several times. During England's ownership in 1632 it was given over to Sir William Alexander, who planted a

Scottish settlement at Port Royal and named the whole peninsula, together with Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. (i). But these Scots were soon absorbed by the Acadians, and Colson, Paisley and Mellanson soon became the names of good Acadian citizens. (ii).

In 1713 Acadie was permanently ceded to England by the Treaty of Utrecht, the terms of which provided to the Acadians, besides the free exercise of their religion, the choice of remaining in the country in full possession of all they owned, on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance to Great Britain; or, leaving the country and taking with them their movable goods and also the proceeds of the sale of their immovable property. They had one year in which to make their decision. Later, a letter from Queen Anne prolonged the time of departure indefinitely. (iii).

Up to 1717 the Acadians had refused to take any oath binding them to the British Crown, but as they were kept from leaving the country by one artifice after another, they no longer refused the oath of allegiance provided that a clause was inserted exempting them from bearing arms against the French, their kinsmen, and the Indians, their allies. After taking this oath, which made them neutrals, they were left unmolested until 1748, when Governor Cornwallis of Nova Scotia began to urge them to take an unreserved oath of allegiance to Great Britain, or leave the country, in which case their goods were to be confiscated. They wrote to the Governor for permission to leave, but were again detained by one excuse after another —once they had to wait for passports, again for ships to

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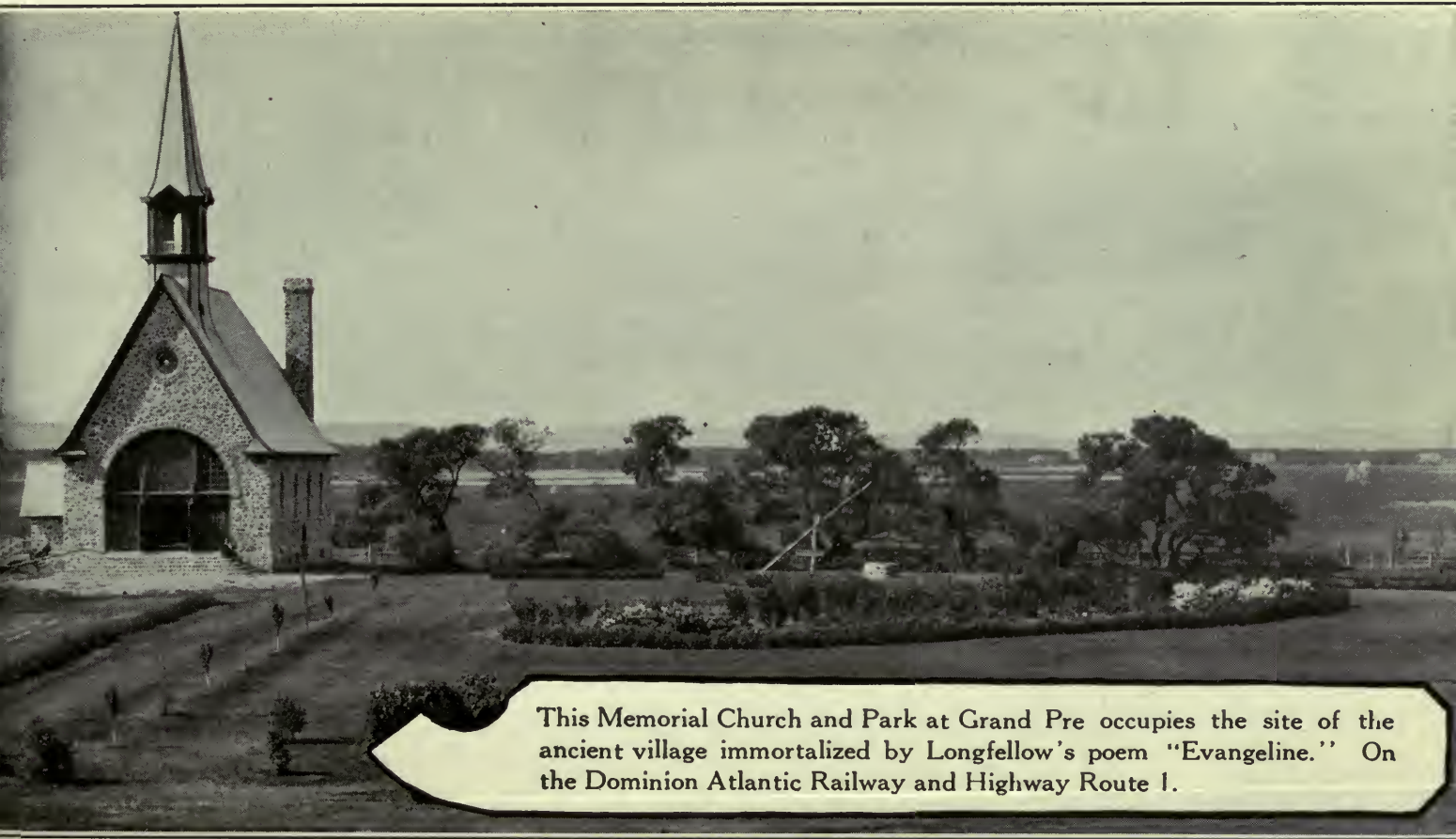
(i) History of Nova Scotia, Allison, Vol. I.

(ii) Acadia, or Missing Links in a Lost Chapter of American History, Edouard Richard.

(iii) All this has been proved by Richard in "Arcadia or Missing Links from a Lost Chapter in American History," from documents in the Archives of Nova Scotia and Canada; papers relating to Nova Scotia in the British Museum; Collections of Nova Scotia Historical Society and Col. Winslow's Journal.



This Memorial Church and Park at Grand Pre occupies the site of the ancient village immortalized by Longfellow's poem "Evangeline." On the Dominion Atlantic Railway and Highway Route 1.

carry them to French territory, and so on. When they built ships themselves they were not allowed to use them. The governors of Nova Scotia were not anxious to lose such industrious subjects. Cape Breton, which was still a French possession, would become a powerful rival if, as was possible, many of them should settle there. (i).

But the poor Acadians little suspected the dire tragedy of which they were soon to be the victims. The setting in which this drama was enacted was picturesque indeed. As you stand beneath the old willows near Evangeline's well at Grand Pré it is easy to reconstruct the scene. Away to the north Cape Blomidon raises his hoary head 450 feet above the waters of the Minas Basin and keeps guard over the tides as they rush in daily between Capes d'Or and Split, and pile up the waters to the height of fifty or sixty feet. The dykes that shut out the tides of Fundy from the low-lying meadows just in front of you bear silent evidence to the industry of the Acadians. The Memorial Church to your left, built on the site of the old village church, and as much like it as possible, has no longer its cluster of homesteads, for, as Longfellow sings: "Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré." The Gaspereaux River, which marked the eastern boundary of the village empties its waters into the Basin of Minas in front of you just as it did on that eventful August fourteenth, 1755, when Colonel Winslow with three hundred and thirteen soldiers dropped anchor at its mouth. Governor Lawrence—for the English Government was not responsible for this crime—had ordered that the Acadians should be carried into exile and had sent ships for that purpose. Col. Winslow, who conducted the deportation at Grand Pré, ordered the men to assemble in the village church, and when they had done so he declared them prisoners. With the utmost cruelty they were marched to the waiting ships, and made to embark at the point of the bayonet. Husbands were separated from their wives, par-

(i) Ibid.

ents from their children, brothers and sisters from one another. Many families were never reunited. Like scenes were enacted in all the Acadian villages, until 6,272 men, women and children were torn from their homes around the Bay of Fundy. (i).

Many of the inhabitants of Port Royal fled to the forests to avoid deportation. Through the friendship of the Indians, they remained hidden for five years until peace was established, during which time they were reduced almost to the condition of savages, wandering about in the woods and living on fish, game and roots. (ii).

During this dreary time, religion was the only consolation of this suffering people. One of their descendants tells how they kept the faith alive on Acadian soil. "On Sundays and feast days they had reunions, which were really religious ceremonies devoid, of course, of the presence of a priest. But the priest was replaced by the most venerable and respectable person present. He was the priest who presided at what they called the "White Mass." The rosary was recited, the Mass prayers read. This was not all. At these gatherings marriages were performed and children were baptized."

Those who were deported were disembarked at the principal seaports on the American coast from Maine to Georgia. These ports were totally unprepared to receive them, and the unwelcome guests were treated accordingly. Many of these exiles, with great toil and suffering, made their way back to Nova Scotia through the unbroken forests of Maine and New Brunswick, only to find their old settlements bearing English names, and peopled by English inhabitants; while they themselves, gaunt and in tatters, were objects of terror to the women and children of the places through which they passed. So far as is known,

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(i) Acadia, or Missing Links in a Lost Chapter of American History, E. Richard.

(ii) Un Pelerinage au Pays d'Evangeline, Casgrain.

only one family, D'Entremont, came into possession of its ancient patrimony. (i).

At length they found new places of settlement in the western section of the province around Cape Sable and St. Mary's Bay, which are to-day the most densely populated rural sections of the province. Some found their way to Cape Breton and settled at Cheticamp in the north of Inverness County, and at Arichat, L'Ardoise, Petit de Gras, Descousse, in the southwest of Richmond County. In these places the old names LeBlanc, Poirier, Boudreau, Landry, Richard, Doucet and many another increased and multiplied until a century later there were 56,635 Acadians in Nova Scotia. But the terrible years through which they had passed were hard to forget. When l'Abbé Casgrain visited their settlements in 1885 he could not but remark the sad wistful faces of the Acadian women. (ii).

The lands left vacant by the exiled Acadians were given over to people from New England. First two hundred came from Rhode Island; then twenty vessels loaded with colonists from Connecticut came on June fourth, 1760. "They met a few straggling families of Acadians. . . . . They had eaten no bread for five years." Previous to this, a number of German colonists who had settled in Lunenburg County had crossed over to the Acadian lands and had driven many of the cattle back to their own settlement. (iii).

The great problem that now faced the governors of Nova Scotia was the peopling of the vacant lands, not only those of the Acadians, but also the long untilled stretches lying towards the east. Immigration from British territory was especially desired, and prospective colonists were encouraged by the promise of free lands. Two hundred came from Ulster, Ireland, and settled at Truro and Lon-

(i) History of Nova Scotia, Allison, Vol. I.
(ii) Un Pelerinage au Pays d'Evangeline, Casgrain.
(iii) History of Nova Scotia, Allison; and Chronicles of Canada Vol. 13, United Empire Loyalists, Stewart Wallace.

donderry, in Colchester County; another larger group of Irishmen settled at New Dublin, in Lunenburg County. The population of Halifax was increased by a large immigrant body from Yorkshire, England. At the close of the American Revolution, many British who earned for themselves the title of United Empire Loyalists because they refused to give up allegiance to the old flag, were welcomed in Nova Scotia to the number of 35,000, and were given lands in Shelburne, Annapolis and Cumberland counties on the penninsula, and at Sydney, Cape Breton. (i).

But Pictou, Antigonish and the greater part of Cape Breton were still waiting for colonists. On Sept. 15, 1773, the good ship "Hector," owned by John Pagan of Greenock, Scotland, landed at Pictou with two hundred Highlanders on board. This was the beginning of a steady stream of immigrants from Scotland. (ii). To be descended from some one who "came over" in the "Hector" is a much appreciated distinction. These immigrants who settled in Pictou County were for the most part Presbyterians. Catholics began to come from the Highlands in 1785. They settled for the most part in Antigonish County and Cape Breton. Among the first arrivals was a great-hearted Highlander named MacDonald. He had built up a comfortable home before the full tide of immigration came in. His kindness to his fellow-countrymen on their arrival was proverbial. In one winter alone, no fewer than nine newly married couples among the immigrants were given big weddings at his house. One event of this kind would give much trouble and expense, for it meant entertaining the whole countryside with the best of everything that could be procured. Nine such events must have taxed even Highland hospitality. (iii).

Bishop Plessis of Quebec, who made a pastoral visit to the Maritime Provinces in 1812, reports that from Meri-

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(i) Ibid.

(ii) History of Nova Scotia, Allison.

(iii) Family Tradition.

A glimpse of the lighthouse which guards the entrance to Pictou Harbour

gonish along the Gulf Shore, and thence to Antigonish town there were three hundred and fifty families of Catholic Highlanders. (i). It is estimated also that 25,000 settled in the Island of Cape Breton alone. (ii).

All through these districts you find Highland place names, Arisaig, Knoydart, Morar, Lismore, Iona, Craignish, Inverness, Strathlorne, Glencoe and a score of others; and as for names beginning with *Mac* you have only to turn up a telephone directory to find interminable lists of MacDonalds, MacDougalds, MacPhersons, MacEacherns, MacNeils, MacKinnons, MacIntyres, MacGillivrays, and dozens of others.

They built their first church in 1792 on the rock bound coast of Arisaig in Antigonish Co. Rev. James MacDonald, who had come from Scotland shortly before, took charge of it, and thus became the first resident priest in the Highland districts. People came here from miles around to receive the Sacraments. They came even from far off Cape d'Or on the Bay of Fundy, where some Catholic Highlanders had settled. Tradition gives the names of three valiant women—Mrs. Mary MacLeod and her two daughters-in-law—who used to travel on foot the one hundred and fifty miles between Cape d'Or and Arisaig, guiding themselves by blazes made on the trees. On one occasion, they carried with them Mrs. MacLeod's newly-born grandson that they might have him baptized. This child was destined to be the first native born priest of the Diocese of Antigonish, Rev. William MacLeod. (iii).

The first place of settlement of the Highlanders in Cape Breton was Inverness Co. Many landed at the Strait of Canso and proceeded to make homes along the western shore. The north of Cape Breton must have reminded them especially of their old home. Here the lands rise to a height of two thousand feet, the highest elevation

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(i) History of Nova Scotia, Allison.

(ii) Cape Breton, C. W. Vernon.

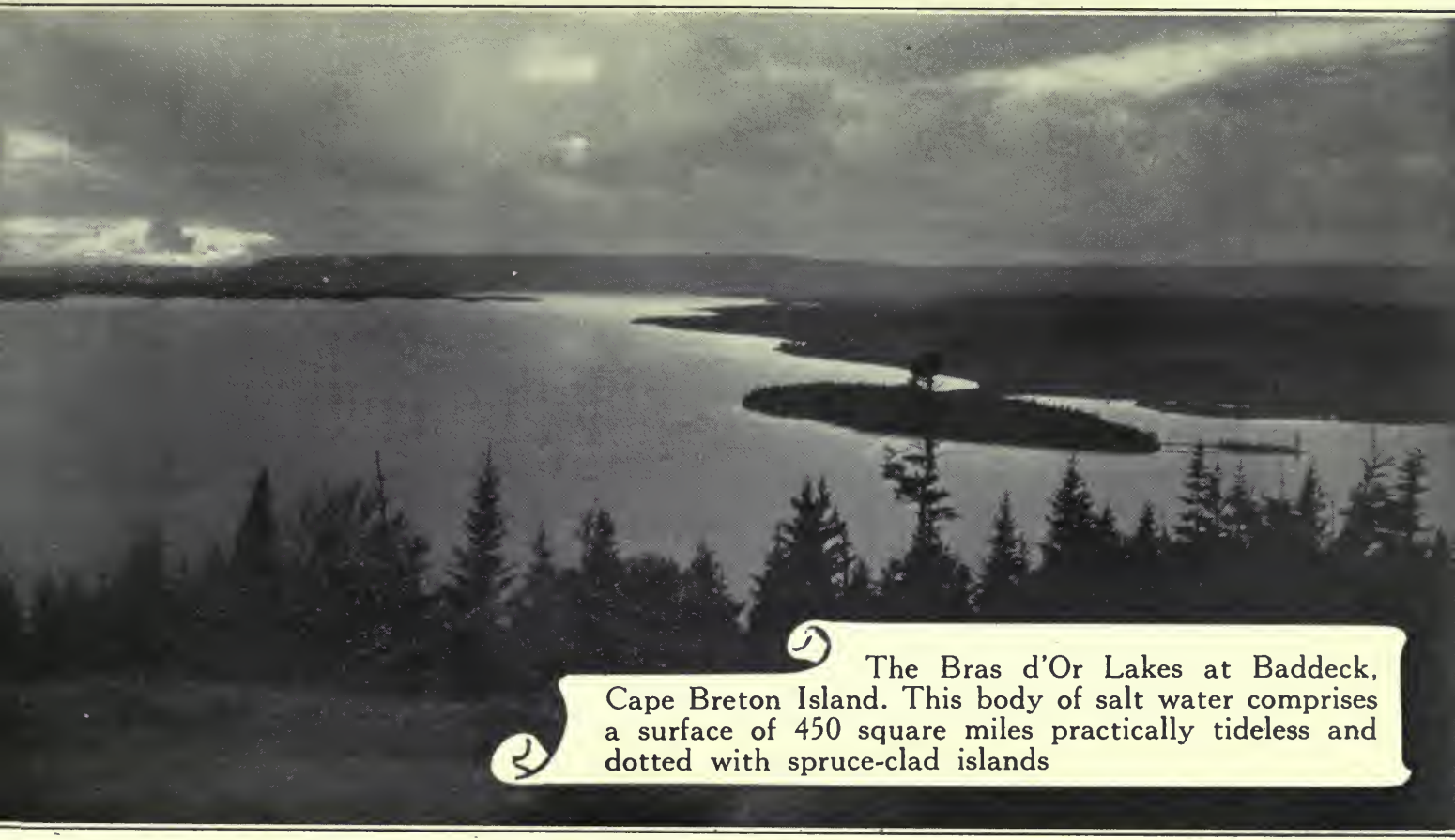
(iii) Family Tradition.

in the province. The deep gorges and ravines by which these lands are frequently broken, give a wild, rugged grandeur to the scenery.

Soon, however, ship-loads of Highlanders found their way to the entrances to Cape Breton's inland sea, the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes. These entrances are on the northeast of Cape Breton on either side of Boularderie Island. They lead into the irregular body of salt water occupying an area of 450 square miles. Two main bodies of water called the Little Bras d'Or, and the Great Bras d'Or, form this inland sea. They spread out through the heart of the island into bays and coves which are remarkable for their scenic beauty. They are joined together at Grand Narrows by Barra Strait—a name which shows that MacNeils were the first settlers here. In fact about 1804 James and Hector MacNeil, with others of their clan from the Island of Barra, Scotland, arrived at Grand Narrows, and began at once to clear the land for a settlement. How they were received by the Indians is told by Peter Googoo, an intelligent old native of the Whycocomagh reserve: "Our people River Denys and around dere, hear 'bout new people come Narrows. We go see 'em. He no speak like Frenchman, but say kaw, kaw. We ask him what doin'. He say 'we work here permission of king'. We not know your king, and our people goana kill Scotchman. Then he make Sign of de Cross. Den we know him our brudder. We lob him. Dem Scotchman hab flat bonnet, so we call him *Saskatbaymit*, flat-head."

Many Highlanders went beyond Barra Strait and made homes all around the shores of the Great Bras d'Or. Eventually the small neck of land at St. Peter's which shut out the ocean from the lake, was cut through, and to-day St. Peter's Canal is the southern entrance to the Bras d'Or Lakes. Thence even large vessels can sail through the island to the Atlantic on the east.

On the southeastern coast of Cape Breton is historic Louisburg, which under the French regime was the Dun-



The Bras d'Or Lakes at Baddeck, Cape Breton Island. This body of salt water comprises a surface of 450 square miles practically tideless and dotted with spruce-clad islands

kirk of America. Grass-grown ruins clustering around a granite monument are all that remain to mark this stronghold. A guide points out one heap of earth after another: "Here was the king's bastion, there the queen's, that elevation to your right, the dauphin's. This depression just under your feet was the opening to an underground passage to the harbor." A little further on, he pushes aside a clump of daisies and points to bits of white masonry: "This was the site of the convent; the church was there." You look long and reverently at the spot where Margaret Bourgeoys' daughters prayed and toiled to educate the children of the early inhabitants of Isle Royal, as Cape Breton was then called; then you pick a bit of stone from amid the flowers, together with a daisy or two, and as you leave the hallowed place your eyes wander seaward, and you think of those native born Canadian nuns who were carried away as exiles to France in English ships when Louisburg fell in 1758. One of them died on the way and the Atlantic is her grave.

CHAPTER II.

INDIAN MYTH AND LEGEND.

The aboriginal inhabitants of Nova Scotia were the Micmac Indians. They belonged originally to the confederation of eastern Algonquins, among whom they held third place in the distribution of lands. (i). The early missionaries called them Souriquois, and one of their number, Father Biard, in 1611, estimated their number at 3,000 or 3,500. (ii). It was not until 1693 that the name Micmac was first used officially (Official List, Distribution of Presents). The word is no doubt derived from *Migmagig,* the Algonquin name for the land allotted to them in the original distribution (iii), which embraced Nova Scotia with Cape Breton Island, Prince Edward Island, parts of New Brunswick, Quebec and southwestern Newfoundland. Father Biard, in the Jesuit Relations, speaks of them as a mild, peaceful tribe, living chiefly by hunting and fishing. According to the testimony of the ancient historian, Leclercq, the Micmacs had great veneration for the sun. They saluted its rising and its setting with the triple cry: "ho! ho! ho!" Then, after making profound salutations and waving their hands above their heads, they asked for what they needed. (iv).

Father Pacifique, for many years a missionary among the Micmacs, said in an address delivered at the tercentenary celebration of the conversion of the tribe to Christian-

(i) Catholic Encyclopedia.
(ii) Ibid.
(iii) Ibid.
(iv) Pages Glorieuses de L'Epopée Canadienne,—R. P. Candide de Nant.

ity, that they worshipped a great spirit named Mentou (i) chiefly by juggling, fortune-telling and "medicine." (ii).

But at their conversion they recognized that Mentou had rebelled against the true Great Spirit, and had become the "Wicked One." They then renounced him and threw away the "medicine." A celebrated "medicine man" was Membertou, the great chief of the Micmacs. The Jesuit Relations (Vol. II., p. 22) name him as the first savage in Canada to receive the Sacrament of Baptism. He was baptized by l'Abbé Jesse Fléché at Port Royal, Nova Scotia, June 24, 1610, and was named Henry for the King of France, the news of whose death had not yet reached Acadie. His wife was named Marie for the Queen Regent, and his children for other members of the royal family. He was then very old but his vigor, both physical and mental, was unimpaired. He claimed to remember having seen Jacques Cartier at the time of his first visit to the St. Lawrence in 1534. As a Christian he became a powerful assistant to the missionaries in the conversion of his tribe. (iii).

The Micmacs, since their conversion, have, almost without exception, been remarkable for their unswerving fidelity to the faith. Their great patroness, the saint of their deepest devotion, is St. Anne. They have the honor of having built in 1629, the first church in her honor in America, at St. Anne's, Cape Breton. (iv). They prepare

(i) An abbbreviated form of Manitou, an Algonquin word for mystery, or supernatural.

(ii) Any object supposed to give control over natural or magical forces, to act as a protective charm, or to cause healing; also the magical power itself; the potency which a charm, token or rite is supposed to exert. An Indian boy usually took as his "medicine" the first animal of which he dreamed during the long and solitary fast that he observed at puberty.—Standard Dictionary.

(iii) Jesuit Relations, ed. Thwaites, I., II., III., Biard, Lescarbot, etc.

(iv) Etudes Historiques et Geographiques par R.P. Pacifique, Capucin, Missionaire des Micmacs. p. 52.

for St. Anne's feast by attending a mission preached to them by one of their devoted missionaries. This is the great event of their year religiously and socially. They hold these reunions usually on islands which the government has given them apart from their usual reserves, and on which they have built a church and a house for their missionary. During the mission they themselves live in wigwams. On the Sunday nearest the feast, they have a procession in which the statue of St. Anne is carried in triumph. At Chapel Island in the Bras d'Or Lakes, this procession wends its way to a sacred granite rock fenced from desecration, from which Father Maillard first preached the gospel to his dear Micmacs of Cape Breton. (i). This great missionary was sent to Acadie by the French Seminary of Foreign Missions in 1735. The difficulty he must have found in learning the language of the Micmacs may be realized from Father Pacifique's experience, when he counted 11,000 inflections in conjugating the verb *nemig* (I see a person or animal). One day as Father Maillard was striving with much difficulty to get the Indians to memorize the prayers, he noticed a boy tracing characters on birch bark at every word he uttered. From this he got the notion of ideograms—an equilateral triangle represented God; a star, heaven; and so on. With these characters he wrote prayer-books, a hymnal, catechisms and Bible translations, which form the literature of the Micmacs. (ii).

The Micmac customs were very interesting. Infants, immediately after birth, were dipped into the coldest water they could find, even in mid-winter. The Indians of the Memberton Reserve near Sydney explain this old custom as an act of worship of Glooscap, who was looked upon as the guardian spirit of the waters. The mother was regarded with disfavor by this great spirit until her

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(i) Cape Breton, by C. W. Vernon.

(ii) Tercentenary Celebration of Conversion of Micmacs, p. 56.

child was dipped into water. Feasts were given to celebrate the birth of a boy, and also when he cut his first tooth, when he began to walk, and when he killed his first game. (i).

Again, a dying Indian, in accordance with the customs of his ancestors, was expected to breathe his last on a bed of spruce boughs. After death, a plate of salt was placed on the body in the belief that it would thus be preserved from corruption. (ii). A great funeral feast was given to celebrate the joy of the dead on going to see his ancestors. The body was put into a large grave into which the friends and relatives put all kinds of funeral presents—skins of beavers and otters, bows, arrows and quivers, knives and such like. (iii).

We can penetrate the thoughts, ideals and fancies of the Indians in their myth of Glooscap. What he was, every Micmac in pre-Christian times longed to be if that were possible. He was the idealized Micmac, a Hercules, a titan, neither god, nor angel, nor demon, nor simply a man, nor moon, nor wind, nor storm, nor lake, nor tree, nor animal, nor rock, but had within himself something of all these things. (iv).

The legends of the Micmacs brings us back to the freshness of Creation when Glooscap lay on his back, his head to the rising sun, his feet to the setting sun, his arms outstretched to the North and the South. Although not the Creator and Father of all, yet he was coequal with Creation and was called in Indian parlance, "The Master," "The Micmac." (v).

(i) Information obtained orally from Indians of Memberton Reserve.
(ii) Information obtained orally from Indians of Memberton Reserve.
(iii) Pages Glorieuses de l'Epopée Canadienne, R.P. Candide de N.
(iv) Etudes Historiques et Geographiques, R.P. Pacifique.
(v) Tercentenary celebration of Conversion of the Micmacs, Lecture by Rev. D. McPherson, who was for a number of years missionary to the Micmacs.

After seventy times seven days and as many nights, there came to him a bent old woman sprung that very noon-day sun from the dew of the rock. She was Nogami, the grandmother sent to Glooscap by the Great Spirit in fulfilment of a promise. The morrow's noonday brought to Glooscap and Nogami a young man sprung from the foam of the waters. Him, Glooscap called Nataoa-nsem, my sister's son. The next day when the sun was at its zenith, there came to these three the Mother of all the Micmacs, who owed her existence to the beautiful planet of the earth. This, then, is the origin of the Micmac race. (i).

Glooscap, the envoy of the Great Spirit, lived in a large wigwam on Cape Blomidon, which still retains, in the language of the Indians, the name Glooscapweek, Glooscap's house. (ii). He wielded his great supernatural powers against the enchantment of magicians; but with his own magic he subdued the beasts of the forest and brought them to his feet in obedience to his call. On one occasion he changed into a squirrel. a huge monster that refused subjection. (iii). Minas Basin was his beaver pond, Cape Split, the bulwark of the dam, he opened up to make room for the tides. When the powers of evil came to destroy his wigwam and overthrow his power, he summoned to his aid the spirits of the frosts which brought to the land a great cold. (iv.).

On one occasion, Glooscap quarreled with an Indian chief. When the latter reached his canoe homeward bound, he found himself, to his amazement, in a dense forest. Other braves whom he met, advised him to make peace with the great Master. He did so, and immediately the woods disappeared and he found himself once more on the waters. (v).

(i) and (iii) Lecture by Rev. D. MacPherson, Tercentenary Celebration of Conversion of the Micmacs.

(ii) and (iv) Rand's Legends of the Micmacs.

(v) Information obtained orally from Indians.

Many geographical features of Nova Scotia have legendary explanations in which Glooscap figures largely; for example, his enemy, a giant beaver had Minas Basin as his lake. Glooscap broke down the rocky dike and killed the beaver with shrapnel which turned into Five Islands in Minas Basin. (i). His dogs pursued a moose to the point of Cape Chignecto, but farther they could not follow, as he took to the water. Glooscap turned the moose into an island—the Isle of Hant—and the dogs into rocks that can be seen to this day. Even the old woman, his housekeeper, he fixed in one place as a mountain on the Cumberland shore. On the arrival of the white man, Glooscap became so enraged that he took the great stone kettle in which he boiled the bones of the animals captured on a hunting expedition, and turned it upside down in Minas Basin and left the country in disgust. This is the legendary origin of the small round Spenser Island. (ii).

A strange light, called the "eye of Glooscap" or the "Witch's Stone," legend says, may sometimes be seen flashing with extraordinary radiance out of the dark face of Cape Blomidon. Certain searchers, from time to time, have found the mystic stone—but to their undoing, for the amethyst always brought ill-luck to its possessor, and by some way of sorcery always made its way back to the brow of the mountain. Who knows but that the great Acadian amethyst among the crown jewels of France was none other than this "eye of Glooscap" of the Indian legend. (iii).

At Advocate, on the Bay of Fundy, Glooscap pitched his tent, which may still be seen in rock. Here he had his medicine garden, for Glooscap was a great Medicine Man and healed whomsoever he would.

(i) Etudes Historiques et Geographiques, R. P. Pacifique.
(ii) Rand's Legends of the Micmacs.
(iii) Story obtained from the Department of Natural Resources of Nova Scotia.

But the sanctity of his home and garden was invaded by his enemy Gayadumsque, the Beaver, which was the largest animal then in existence and was hard to capture, for it could go on the water as well as on the land. Glooscap set his deadfall at Blomidon, but the Beaver, instead of falling into the trap, damned the waters and flooded Glooscap's wigwam and his medicine garden. Glooscap broke up the dam and his bow and arrow, and in his rage pursued the Beaver with stones. The Beaver escaped, and the stones splashed harmlessly into the water. They were five great pebbles and to-day they form what is known as "Five Islands."

These islands are just off from the mainland and the village which bears their name. They differ in size, although none are large. They are known as Moose, Diamand, Long, Egg, and Pinnacle.

On Long Island there is a very interesting rock, because of the face of an old man which is plainly embedded in its hard surface. It is called Buff's Ghost. Years ago, an Irish squatter named Buff, lived with his family on Long Island,—the only people who were ever known to have lived there. The old man was very rough, and treated his family so cruelly that his sons made up their minds to take his life. Cold-bloodedly they discussed ways and means. One of them proposed throwing him over the end of the island where the cliffs rose to a sheer height above the sea. But to make sure that this would work, they first threw a sheep over. As the sheep was not killed outright, they decided that they would have to adopt some other plan. After much plotting and planning, these unnatural sons determined to take their father's life whilst he slept. Fortune favored their foul plan, for the following day their father fell asleep in the barn. They committed the crime with an axe, and then proceeded to cover up all trace of it. They dragged the body to the woods, where they felled a tree on top of it, then hurried to the mainland, where they spread

the report that their father had been killed in the woods by the falling of a tree.

Years later, the youngest son told how as a little boy he had been sleeping in the barn with his father when his brothers came in and killed his father. The authorities, so the story runs, came down from Truro, disinterred the body and found there the evidence which bore testimony to the truth of the boy's story.

Now the old man's ghost wanders on Long Island, calling in vain for vengeance, while his head is imprinted for all ages in the hardness of the rock. (Stories obtained from the Department of Natural Resources of the Province of Nova Scotia).

In Aylesworth Lake, King's Co., there was a beaver house out of which Glooscap drove a small beaver, and chased it down to the Bras d'Or Lakes in Cape Breton. There it ran into another beaver house, where Glooscap killed it and turned the house into a high-peaked island, and there feasted the Indians. (i).

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Since Glooscap's departure from Nova Scotia for a land away to the west, Indians have sometimes gone to visit him. On one occasion, seven young men succeeded in reaching him. They found him in a beautiful country with two companions, Weather and Earthquake. One of the visitors liked the place so well that he expressed a desire to remain there. Consequently, under Glooscap's direction, Earthquake stood him up, and he became a cedar tree. When the wind blew through the boughs, they broke and bent with so much noise that the thunder of it rolled far and wide over the country. This thunder was accompanied by strong winds which scattered the cedar boughs and seeds in all directions, thus producing all the cedar groves that exist in Nova Scotia. (i).

One day when they were on the Cumberland shore, Glooscap's old housekeeper asked him to let her go across

(i) Rand's Legends of the Micmacs.

to Partridge Island while he went around in his canoe. He agreed, but before he sent her, he stepped across and raised a causeway, now called "Boar's Back," on which she might go over. (i).

The Mimacs of Cape Breton have also their legends of Glooscap. Here his chief place of abode was at St. Anne's, situated on a bay of the same name a short distance north of Sydney Harbor. At the entrance to this bay are two small islands marked "Hiboux" on the map, but to the Indians they are always "Glooscap Ogtol." Glooscap's canoe. A giant canoe, it is, like the mysterious being it served. The story, briefly, is this: Once Glooscap, on his return from an expedition, perceived on either side of his cabin two girls, giants like himself, who looked at him with mocking eyes. He became enraged, and laying his giant hand on the side of the canoe, he leaped to the land. As he did so the boat broke in two, and the pieces he changed into islands, where they are to-day for all to see. Glooscap looked fixedly at the two daring damsels, then shouted at them in a voice of thunder: "Very well; remain where you are." And there they remain transformed into stone. With a little Micmac imagination you can see at least one of them fairly well outlined even to-day, but her companion has been worn away by time. (ii).

Glooscap, proud of his exploit, took off his cloak, sat on the ground, and began to smoke, according to the Micmac ideal of happiness: "to smoke and do nothing." It is not known what happened to him after this last giant achievement. His cabin is there empty; his canoe has not been repaired. He has never since been seen. (iii).

The cabin is a cave on the mainland, just opposite Hiboux Islands, a little north of Cape Dauphin. The Whites call it "Fairy Hole." In March, 1920, M. S. H. McRitchie,

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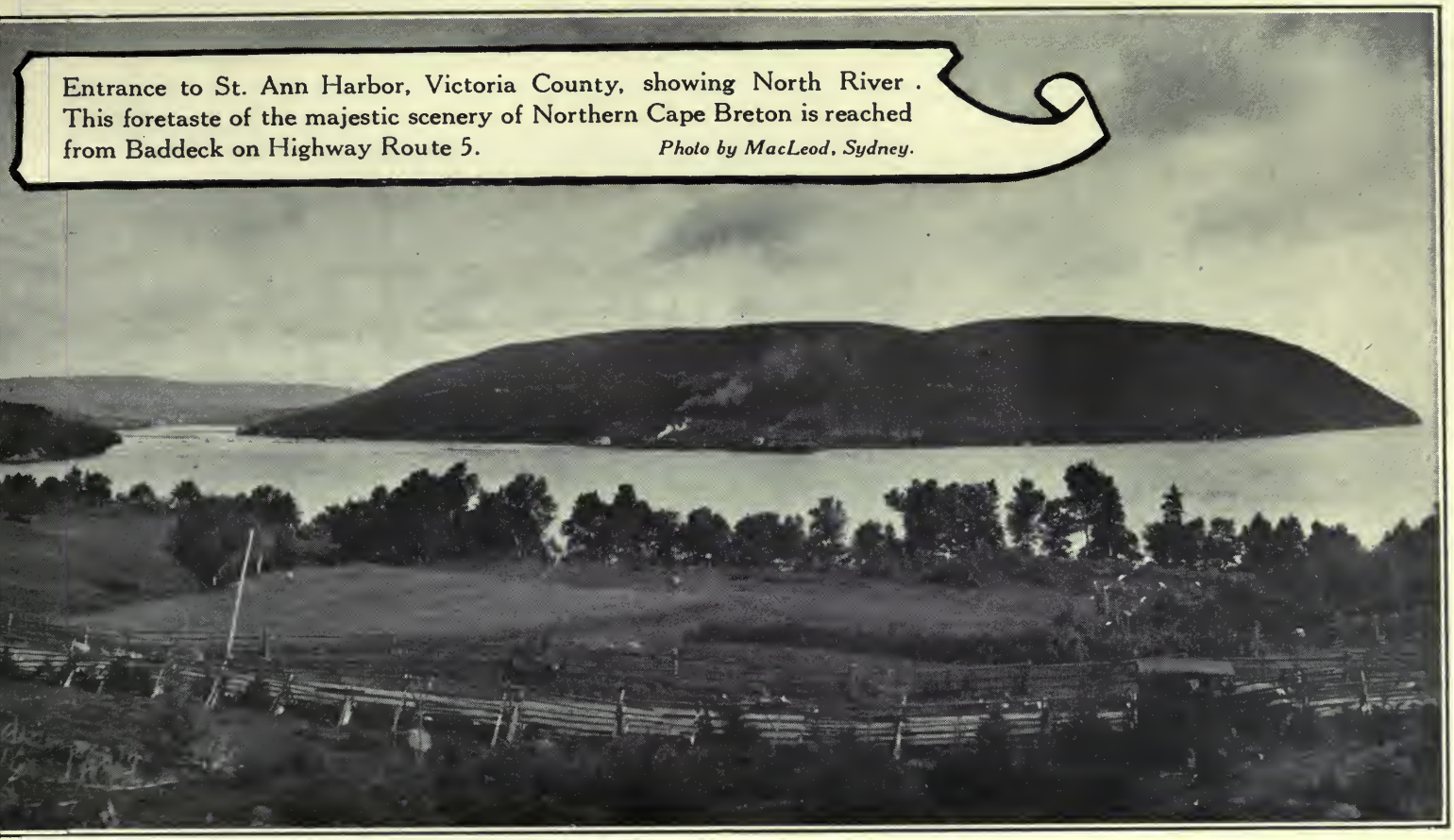
(i) Rand's Legends of the Micmacs.
(ii) Etudes Historiques et Geographiques, R. P. Pacifique.
(iii) Ibid.



Entrance to St. Ann Harbor, Victoria County, showing North River. This foretaste of the majestic scenery of Northern Cape Breton is reached from Baddeck on Highway Route 5. *Photo by MacLeod, Sydney.*

of Englishtown (the modern name for St. Anne's village), wrote to Father Pacifique: "On the mainland the nearest part to the Islands (Hiboux) is a cave known as Fairy Hole. The inside of the cave or underground passage has never been reached, for when a certain distance is reached the air gets bad and no lights will burn." Yet the Micmacs would have you believe that it is only the lights of the Whites that go out in the cave. Once five of them entered it with fourteen torches. They walked some distance on a level plain, then mounted a great many steps to another level, where they continued their course for some time. But as their seventh torch was spent, the eldest of the group told his companions that they would need the others to get back to the point from which they started. Since then, no one has visited the interior of the mysterious cave. (i).

Many of the legends of the Micmacs deal with the struggle for existence of a nomadic race, and their wars with other Indian tribes. But there are some that resemble the European legends in several respects. In one in particular, found in Rand's collection of Legends of the Micmacs, a magical coat, shoes and sword are the equipment of a young prince who goes in search of his three sisters, who have been sold by their father for money with which to buy liquor (a proceeding decidedly Indian). The magical coat renders the wearer invisible; the shoes carry him with incredible speed wheresoever he would; the sword will do whatever he desires. (ii). Here is a striking resemblance to the shoes of swiftness and the sword of light of the young prince in "The King of Ireland's Son," by Padraic Colum. With the shoes of swiftness "he could go as the eagle flies"; with the sword of light in his hands, what he commanded had to be done.

(i) Etudes Historiques et Geographiques, R.P. Pacifique.

(ii) A Magical Coat, Shoes and Sword, Rand's Legends of the Micmacs.

In the Indian tale, the husbands of the princesses, who transform themselves by day into a whale, a sheep and a goose, and who come to the aid of their brother-in-law in killing a giant whose soul is elsewhere, are reminiscent of the dog, the falcon and the otter, which perform like services towards the hero in the story, "The Sea Maiden" (Popular Tales of the West Highlands, by J. F. Campbell); and of the brown wren, the dog and the falcon in "Cathal O'Cruachan o' the Herd of the Stud" (Folk Tales and Fairy Lore, by McDougall and Calder). The giant of the Indian legend has stolen the hero's wife; in the Celtic legends the hero rescues from the giant's castle the woman whom he makes his wife. The Indian giant has his soul in an iron chest, which is enclosed under the water in a series of seven locked chests, a striking parallel to which is found in the Arabian Nights. The Celtic imagination cannot bear so prosaic a hiding place for a living soul as a lifeless chest, so it encloses its giant's soul, in one case in an egg that is in a falcon, that is in a hind; in another case in an egg that is in a bird, that is in a sheep.

The hero in another of these legends, "The Magic Dancing Doll" (Rand's Legends of the Micmacs) has only to hold the doll and wish to be wherever he wants to go, and he gets there. Like incidents are found in "The Knight of the Green Vesture" (Celtic Traditions, by J. McDougall), who could do likewise when he had a certain magic stone about him; and in the "Three Soldiers" (Popular Tales of the Western Highlands, by J. F. Campbell), and its variants, where a wishing towel or a soldier's knife could transport its possessor with lightning-like speed wheresoever he would. A close parallel for the incidents of the "Magic Dancing Doll" is found in the "Widow's Son" (Popular Tales of the West Highlands, by J. F. Campbell).

In the former	In the latter
The magic dancing doll, enclosed in a box, does all that the hero wishes. It	A magic box gets for the boy all he desires. It brings him a fine horse, a dress and

secures for him the chief's daughter for a wife by removing a mountain and defeating an army. It builds a fine wigwam.

A thief steals the magic doll, and carries off the chief's daughter and the wigwam to a place where they may be hidden. The hero finds the place by the aid of a magic arrow; he recovers the doll, and then, by its means, he transports his wife and wigwam to their former location.

glass shoes with which he wins races necessary for the having of the king's daughter for his wife. It builds a splendid palace.

A thief steals the magic box and carries off the princess and the palace to the realm of the rats. The hero is carried to the place in a magic boat; he recovers the box, and has his wife and palace brought back to their original home.

The closeness of the parallel shows that the Indians and the Celts in the far distant past were in direct communication with one another, or were in touch with the same sources of inspiration. Although, according to Indian tradition, the white men came from the East, the Indians from the West (Catholic Encyclopaedia), yet there must have been a common meeting- ground somewhere sometime. If the tradition is true, Behring Strait did not always separate Asia from America.

CHAPTER III.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

The superstitions of a race represent the religious beliefs of ancient peoples. They are exaggerated fear of the unknown. Religious superstition marks a degeneracy in religion, and is very rare among the Celts. (i). Our Nova Scotian superstitions come under "good and bad luck," "cures for man and beast," the influence of the moon, and such like. It is practically impossible to discover in the case of some of these practices, which, are importations from the old country, and which, those of native growth. In any case, they are here, and have been here for more than a century, although their origin is wrapped in obscurity.

Among the Acadians, if children should intentionally destroy swallows' nests, it was believed that cows would give blood in their milk. (ii). This may be a survival from a time when certain birds were held as sacred. This sacredness may also account for the belief that if a bird flies into a room, death or misfortune is soon to follow. Or it may be accounted for by the ancient belief that the spirits of the dead often assumed the form of birds. (iii).

The superstitious practices resorted to in order to obtain cures are many and varied. Among the Acadians. only certain men in the village were endowed with the power of performing the cures. These men could stop

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(i) Lecture on Superstition by Rev. J. P. Monaghan, Ph.D.
(ii) Information obtained from Mr. Henri LeBlanc, a native born Acadian, and verified by Popular Tradition.
(iii) Ethnology in Folk-lore, Sir L. Gomme.

the flow of blood from a bad cut, or cure a toothache simply by passing their hand over the part affected. Again, if an individual afflicted with warts went to them for a cure, they would take a pea, tie it up in a rag and throw it into a well. With the pea went the wart.

In the sections of the country peopled by Highlanders, only the "seventh son" had the privilege of curing people by merely stroking the diseased member. These men, who were rare enough, were frequently sent for from long distances to give relief to some sufferer.

In these districts, too, warts were disposed of in a variety of ways, all of which point to ancient pre-Christian beliefs with regard to the transference of disease from one person to another, and for which witches were once tried and condemned to death. (i). For example, blood from the warts was put on a cloth, which was then dropped in the path of a passer-by. Or stones, to the number of warts, were put into a bag, which was then thrown over the right shoulder on to the road so that it might be picked up. The person picking it up got the warts.

More significant still of pagan descent was the practice of rubbing stolen meat on the warts and then burying it. When the meat decayed the warts disappeared. Another certain cure was to take a string with one more knot than the number of your warts and throw it after the first funeral that passed, saying: "Take this with you and rot in the grave."

Yet another example of the transference of disease to old mother earth is found in this cure for a pain, which the teller saw tried: "If when running you should take a pain, bend down, pick up a stone, spit on it, and put it back with the spit next the ground. The pain will disappear."

Lumbago might be cured by the sufferer lying face downwards on the floor and one who was born feet first

(i) Gomme's Ethnology in Folklore.

walking over him, putting his full weight on the sore back. An old lady tells this story with regard to this cure: "When I was a little girl one of my uncles had a very sore back, and the only one that could cure it was big Betsy, who lived ten miles away. They sent a horse and waggon for her, and she was received with all the respect due her skill. All the elders of the family assembled in my uncle's room, but as I was considered too young to assist at the ceremony, I was sent out to play. But my curiosity got the better of me, and I was soon at the key hole. This is what I saw:

"My uncle was lying on his face on the floor, and old Betsy was beginning to walk around him in a circle, saying some kind of gibberish. He was supposed to keep perfect silence; but when Betsy stood with her bare feet on his back it was too much for him, so he began cursing and swearing, and, of course, broke the spell. I do not know whether he was cured or not; but I do know that old Betsy left the house in disgust."

Sprains were cured by an old woman saying a rhyme over the injured member, or by placing around the sprain a string made from white spool thread knotted with seven knots. The person who is responsible for this bit of information asserted that she had actually had a sprained ankle cured in this way.

Toothache could be cured in a variety of ways. A person with a charm for it took a rusty nail into the woods, and drove it into a tree, saying at the same time: "May you be there all pains and aches." The suffering person was cured as soon as the nail was driven.

A preventive of toothache was to chew the wood of a tree that had been struck by lightning. A Christian element was introduced into the cure when a prayer was written on a piece of paper, which was put into the mouth over the aching tooth.

A good toothache story is told by an old man, who enjoyed the telling of it very much, although he says it

loses much by not being told in Gaelic. One day a man who was suffering terribly from toothache was riding along the East Bay Road when he met a stranger, who stopped him and inquired what ailed him.

"Och, I have an awful toothache, whatever," he replied.

"Well, if you have, you have met the right man," said the stranger, "for I can cure you in a minute."

"If you can, do it," he said.

Thereupon the stranger muttered an incantation and the suffering ceased. The man continued his journey until he came to the glebe house, where he called to see his parish priest. He told how he had been cured on the way.

"Do you know who cured you?" asked the priest.

"That I do not," he answered.

"Well, I know who he was."

"Who was he, then?"

"Nobody but the devil himself."

"Och, no, Father," came the rejoinder. "How could that be, and him talking the Gaelic as well as yourself."

But it was generally a woman who had these charms, for witches were the lineal descendants of the Druidesses, who were remarkable for their magic. (i). For example, a woman who had a charm would rub a sore throat with water and recite an incantation, and a cure would be effected.

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There was a belief that silver coins were powerful against witchcraft. The reason for this idea is hard to find. Silver may possibly have been substituted for the iron of an older period, when the uses for the latter became very common. In the older beliefs iron was thought to possess many magic properties, which were assigned to it on account of its recent discovery. May not the same thing have happened when silver, with its

(i) Gomme's Ethnology in Folklore.

shining brightness, came to gladden hearts? In any case, silver coins were frequently pierced and hung around the necks of children. People, with whom these coins were scarce enough, would scarcely be lavish with them for mere decoration.

When an animal was sick it was believed to be charmed. The owner would then prepare a vessel of water, into which he would slip a silver coin, and have the animal drink. An elderly woman, to whom the writer had recourse for old traditions, told of her grandmother, who had what she called a luck penny, which bore on it the words: "In hoc signo vinces." and the name of some ruler, John XXII. (?). When any animal in the neighborhood was sick, she would go to a spot on the farm where two brooks met, part the water with the silver coin in the form of a cross, although she was not a Catholic, saying at the same time the words of the Sign of the Cross, then bring the water to the sick animal. The coin had been handed down in the family for hundreds of years, she said, and a family conclave had to decide its destination on the old lady's death.

Apart from the use made in this instance of silver, there is the added incident of the meeting of the brooks. This may be a survival of the worship of the spirits, which were supposed to live in brooks and rivers (i), combined with the Christian Sign of the Cross. Be that as it may, the people had faith in the ceremony—a faith which the recovery of sick animals readily confirmed. The succeeding generation cured their animals by putting a blessed medal into their drinking water.

Good and Bad Luck.

What may be considered another survival of a belief in witches is the curious superstition that prevails with regard to meeting women. Here are some specimens: "On setting out on a trip, if you meet a woman it

(i) Gomme's Ethnology in Folklore.

is bad luck; but if she is red-headed, it is worse — turn back. But if you meet a white horse and afterwards a red-headed woman, it is all right." Evidently the white horse is so potent in luck bringing that he can override the terrors of even a red-headed woman.

Again, miners are sure of an accident if a woman should go down into the mine. If they meet a woman first on going to work, they are afraid. Women have been deterred from visiting mines because of this superstition. Good luck for the whole year was brought to a house by a man coming as first visitor on New Year's Day. A woman would bring only bad luck. It was also regarded as good luck for a man to come to a house on May Day. On this occasion he was not allowed to leave until he had eaten something.

A black cat running across your path indicated bad luck; a hare doing likewise was worse; but a squirrel brought good luck. Once upon a time witches were supposed to have assumed the form of black cats and of hares. (i). This superstition may be a survival of the belief.

There are a number of superstitions in connection with the moon that may possibly trace ancestry to the days of moon worship. There is, however, no evidence of moon worship among the Celts, although its influence with them is very great. (ii).

There was a belief among the Highlanders that everything had a tendency to grow during the increase of the moon. In fact, they considered that the harvest moon caused just as much ripening as the sun. (iii). This belief gradually extended to other things; consequently a farmer would never kill an animal for food when the moon was on the wane; he waited until the increase.

(i) Gomme's Ethnology in Folklore.
(ii) Frazer's The Golden Bough.
(iii) McDougall's Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Scottish Highlands.

A girl would not have her hair cut except when the moon was on the wane; otherwise it would grow too fast. To see the moon over your left shoulder was bad luck; to see it over the right was good luck. Any wish you made the first time you saw the new moon was sure to come true, provided you had something in your hand at the time you saw it, and that you made the Sign of the Cross.

Meeting a funeral was regarded as very bad luck for anybody, but especially for a wedding party. An old saying has it that:

"Happy is the corpse that the rain falls on;
Happy is the bride that the sun shines on."

To go in the same direction with the funeral was regarded as all right.

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The toad, although looked upon with more or less of superstitious dread on account of its being one of the witches' familiars, according to local tradition, was yet the means of securing preservation from evil, and acquiring earthly goods could be found in its skeleton; but the searcher was not to kill the creature. But how were the potent bones — one shaped like a fork the other like a spoon — to be secured without doing so? The question was answered for me by an elderly woman.

She and her little brother were very anxious to get these wonder-working bones, for they had heard from their elders that with the fork-shape in their possession no wild animal nor reptile could touch them; and with the spoon-shape they could gain any favor desired by secretly touching with it the person from whom they wished to get what they wanted. At last they managed to get the directions, and they set to work. They took a box and pierced it with a great many holes. Into it they put a live toad; then carried it to an ant hill, where they buried it quickly. After the burial they ran away

as hard as they could, lest they might hear the toad cry when it was attacked by the ants; for if they did so, total deafness would ensue. After several seasons had passed away they were to return to the ant hill and get the bones; but the mark they had carefully placed on their particular hill was gone, so they had to be content with remaining poor.

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Once upon a time there was a plague of grasshoppers in Judique, Inverness County. and one man, who was convinced that they were the evil spirits in disguise, went to the parish priest to get water blessed to sprinkle on them. When he got it, he returned home and got after the grasshoppers. He went over the whole field sprinkling it vigorously, saying as he did so: "Now, get to Hell with you." And they went.

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"The sea will claim its own," was a favorite expression used in connection with drowning accidents. This may derive its origin from an ancient belief in fate, or it may go back to the days when the spirit of the sea had to be appeased by a human victim. (Gomme's Ethnology in Folklore).

O men of Greece! with blood, a virgin's gore,
Ye soothed the winds, then sought the Trojan shore.—

Virgil's Aeneid, bk. 2, 115-134.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND SIGHT.

That some persons are endowed with the gift of Second Sight is a well - authenticated Celtic belief. The Gaelic name for it, *da-shealladh,* does not mean literally "The Second Sight," but "The Two Sights," the vision of the world of sense and that of the world of spirits. (MacDougall's Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Scottish Highlands). MacDougall, who considers that it may be the remains of the magic of the Druids, accounts for its flourishing more among the Celts than among any other people thus: "In every age there are individuals who are spectre-haunted, and it is probable enough that the sage Celtic priests, assuming the spectres to be external, reduced the gift of seeing them to a system, a belief in which formed part of their teachings." Other thinking men consider it a remnant of the knowledge once possessed by our first parents. The Celts, who live nearer the spirit land than any other race, seem to have been particularly endowed with the gift.

Lord Larbolt, in 1652, made a study of second sight in the Highlands of Scotland, and gave an account of his research work in a letter written in Gaelic, and published in 1876 in the magazine, "The Gael" (Vol. V. p. 78). In that letter he said that there were men, women and children who had the second sight; that there were children who had it but not their parents; that some people had it when they were old who did not have it in their youth; that none of them could tell how they

came to have it; and that it was a gift of which they would gladly rid themselves if they had the power. They saw the vision only so long as they kept looking at it steadily. Those who had a strong heart usually took a good look at it, and could see it for a longer time than the weak and timid. They did not have visions of the dead at all. They saw the living; and had no doubt but that what they saw them do, or what they saw happen to them, would really occur just as they saw it. They could not tell what time might intervene before the event would happen; but those who were accustomed to see things for a long time had special rules by which they could give a close guess. For example, they could tell pretty well how soon a person was going to die, by noting how much of his form was covered by a shroud. If the whole form was covered, the person was on his death bed.

All these findings of Lord Talbolt hold good for second sight in Nova Scotia, where many people have been endowed with the gift. Sometimes whole families have had it in a greater or less degree. The old people watched carefully the color of the eyes of a child when it was born. If it had, say, one eye blue and the other brown, they were on the look-out for second sight; for if at the end of a certain number of weeks the colors had blended so that they could not tell which eye had been blue and which brown, that child was sure to have the gift. If the colors did not blend, the child was normal.

Those who had the gift were sometimes very sensitive about it. They made no parade of it, but concealed it as much as possible. (This local information I have from a man who has been in close touch with several people endowed with Second Sight, and who got several of the stories which follow from them at first hand. On account of their sensitiveness, he asked me to suppress both his name and theirs, for some of the seers are yet living, and all of them have many relatives in the country).

The story that follows was given me as a personal experience, with the injunction not to mention any names:

"During the summer vacation of 1879, Father N——— was asked one Sunday morning to go up the river to see my brother, who was on his deathbed. The distance was a little better than two miles. I was about nineteen years old. I did not know that Father N———'s brother, who was an ecclesiastic, was visiting him that day, nor that he was in existence. About thirty or thirty-five minutes before the priest actually arrived, I was standing near the house above the road, and saw Father N——— with his horse and waggon passing up the road, 'between the two gates,' as we called the spot, with another man, who was not so tall, at his left in the waggon with him. They were both dressed like priests — at least they looked very much like it. The view I got of them was as distinct as it possibly could be; but it lasted for a very short time. I can say that it was gone in a moment or two. Some person asked: 'I wonder is Father N——— coming?' 'Yes,' I said; 'he will come; and there will be another man with him'; but those around me were too stupid to comprehend. Sure enough, some minutes later the reality was before me at the same identical spot — and a most perfect reproduction of the vision it was."

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At Fraser's Mills, Antigonish Co., a man was going down a hill one day when he saw on the road at the foot of the hill a number of men carrying a dead man to the side of the road. He recognized all the men as his neighbors except the dead man, whom he had never seen before. All disappeared in a moment. This visionary then went away to the States, but returned a number of years later to see the old place once more. During this visit he was coming down the same hill one day when he saw the same group of men carrying a dead man and placing him exactly where he saw him so many

years before. This time it was the reality. A young man, whom he had never seen before, had just been killed at that spot.

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The story that follows I heard my father tell many a time. Apart from this one instance, he never saw anything preternatural in his life.

When he was a young man in his 'teens, he left his home in Antigonish County to seek his fortune in California.. After several years, he had amassed a sum of money, which he was contemplating investing in a ranch stocked with a large number of cattle. On the night before the transaction was to have been completed, he was lying awake thinking it all over, and very anxious about its being the best thing for him to do, when into the moon-lit room walked a young woman whom he had never seen before. She was dressed in black, with a white ruffle about her neck. She stood at the foot of the bed, and in a warning voice, repeated three times: "Do not buy these cattle or you'll be sorry for it; come home." She remained long enough to have her features indelibly imprinted on his memory; then she disappeared as mysteriously as she had come. He did not doubt for a moment but that the warning was supernatural. The next day he wrote to his brother, who was in Boston, asking that he meet him in Chicago, where an exhibition was in progress. Leaving the deal open, he set out for the east.

On his arrival in Chicago, his brother urged him to continue his journey home to see his aged mother, and he consented to do so. Now, his mother had always worried about the welfare of her absent boy, so when he got home she begged him to remain, and urged him to buy a fine farm that was for sale at Antigonish Harbor. To please her he went to see the farm, but had no intention of buying it. He was packing his trunk for California when his mother increased her pleadings and begged

him, with tears, to remain at home. He could resist no further.

After he had bought the farm, he was conducted to the nearest neighbor's house to be introduced to the family. As he sat in the living room at nightfall one of the daughters of the family brought in a lighted lamp. The moment she entered, he rose to his feet, fixed his eyes upon her, and stared in speechless amazement. She was dressed in black with a white ruffle around her neck —in a word, she was the woman who had brought him home. She, who was totally unconscious of the wanderings of her spirit, was indignant at being stared at by this stranger, and left the room. Only two years later, when she was his promised wife, did he tell her the cause of his rudeness.

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A young man named William ———, of Antigonish Harbor, was standing in front of his home facing the Harbor one day, nearly fifty years ago, when he saw his father coming up from the shore half carrying along a man who seemed to be very infirm. He knew that what he saw was nothing natural. He could not make out who the sick man was. A year later William himself was not well. One day he went to the shore, and was so long away that his father became very uneasy about him; so he went to look for him. He found him lying on the sand, after having had a paralytic stroke. His father managed to get him home with a great deal of difficulty. He knew, then, that he himself was the sick man he had seen a year before. (Story told me by William's niece, who had it from himself).

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There lived at the rear of a farm at Antigonish Harbor an old man who was remarkable for Second Sight. He was popularly known as "Mountain Rory." One morning the owner of the farm came into the house and said: "Mountain Rory had a strange story for me this

morning. He told me that when he was coming over the mountain early to-day he saw a great many men working out there, some digging, some building a railway, and so on. Whoever lives to see it, there will be some kind of works set up out at the rear of this farm yet." This year (1928) the prediction is being verified. A company has bought up that land, with its fine gypsum deposits, and are at this writing building a railway out to the Harbor.

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A kind old priest, who helped me considerably in the procuring of material for this work, gave me an instance in his personal experience of Second Sight. He wrote: "I never before told this incident to a living soul; in fact, I had practically forgotten it. Not long after my ordination — I think it was during the first clerical retreat I attended at Antigonish — I met Father MacIntosh and Father Ronald MacGillivray, of Arisaig, together. Immediately I saw Father MacIntosh in the purple. The vision was not very distinct; but it was sufficiently so to be quite unmistakable. It lasted for an instant only. Were the same scene to be re-enacted to-day, I should very likely keep my mouth shut; but I was young and inexperienced then, and, another thing, I had no idea of a Monsignor di Manteletta. With me, one was a priest, a simple priest, or a bishop. From instinct, I immediately pointed my finger at Father MacIntosh and said: 'You will be a bishop yet.' Many years afterwards, when, without the aid of any preternatural manifestation, I saw the dear, saintly Mgr. MacIntosh in his full regimentals, wearing more purple than His Lordship, you may depend that the time I met himself and Father MacGillivray came to my mind."

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In "A Bit of Autobiography," Right Reverend Bishop MacDonald gives the following instances of Second Sight which came within his own experience:

"When I was about seven or eight years of age my father went from home, with two jet black horses. He was minded to sell or barter one or both of them. He was away several days and my grandmother was getting very anxious about him. Every once in a while she would ask me to go out and look if I could see him coming. Some three hours before sundown I went out and saw him entering at a gate opening on the main road, a quarter of a mile away. He had two brown or bay horses, and was mounted on one of them. I ran in to tell that I had seen him, and mentioned the color of the horses. Everybody rushed out to look, but could see him nowhere. Neither was he to be seen. But in an hour or two from then, I went out once more, and saw him in the same place, with the two brown horses. He was actually there then. He had swapped both of the horses with which he had gone from home. The incident is still very vivid in my memory. I would set it down as a hallucination were it not that I distinctly saw two brown horses and specified this circumstance on my running into the house, as my sister can still bear witness.

"Another, and very striking instance of Second Sight, may properly be recorded here. When my father was a lad of 12 or 13 years he was sent by his parents one cold winter's day to buy some needed articles in the store of Hon. Wm. MacKeen. The store stood at the north side of Mabou Harbour, near the mouth. My father was born and bred, even as I was, at the South West River, about six miles from Mr. MacKeen's, as the crow flies. When he reached the store he was shivering with the cold. Old William MacKeen, being a kind-hearted man, brought him up to the house, and got his wife to make him a cup of hot tea. She set it on the table, with some bread and butter, and bade the boy come and take it. But he was bashful and wouldn't come. At last she turned to him and said—I translate literally from the Gaelic vernacular, in which I got the story—'You need not be so

bashful; it is you who will be staying here yet.' Staying, by the way, is a good word. That is precisely what we do; we stay in a place for a while, and then somebody else comes along and stays there, when we are dead and gone. While these things were happening, the woman's husband had gone to the other end of the house. Thither she followed him and said: 'That boy will have this place yet.' Her words pleased him none too well, for he was the father of many boys and girls. Twice married, he had twenty-one children. So impressed was he, however, with his wife's words, that on the way back to the store he said to the boy: 'What do you suppose my wife has been telling me? She told me it is you who are to have this place yet.' Forty-five years afterwards my father bought the farm, and our folks are still living there at this day.

"Two things suggest themselves here: The first is that the instance just related does not differ in principle from the vision of my father that I had. I saw him coming with a span of bay horses two or three hours before he was there, and she saw him living on the farm forty-five years before he was there. If you can see one in a place two hours before his coming, you can see him forty-five, or any number of years, before. The difficulty is in seeing him at all.

"The other thing is in the nature of an inference. 'Second Sight' is from God as its Author. None but He can know the future so far as it depends upon the free will. Now a bargain between man and man, be it the swapping of horses or the buying and selling of a farm, is a free-will transaction. The issue of the conference that precedes it is strictly incalculable before the event and can be known only to Him Who gazes down from the pinnacle of eternity and sees, at a glance, everything that comes to pass in the whole tract of time."

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The daughter of a man who had Second Sight told

me the incidents that follow. One evening her father was taking a short cut home and had to climb over a fence to do so. As he was stepping to the ground he saw a coffin lying in his path. Two days later, he and another man were carrying a coffin through the same field, and they let it down on the ground at the exact spot where he had previously seen it.

On another occasion, this same man was out in a boat fishing, when he noticed a funeral procession entering the cemetery quite near the shore. He recognised everybody in it, even himself, and from the mourners he knew whose funeral it was. Some time later the real funeral took place just as he had seen it.

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An old man named MacNeil, of Big Pond, C.B., was very remarkable for Second Sight. He was walking along the shore one day when he saw the body of a man wearing a blue shirt with white buttons on it, lying on the sand, and two women coming towards it. Two years afterwards, a man dressed in the same fashion, was out fishing. He took one of the fits to which he was subject, fell into the water, and was drowned. His body was washed ashore at the very spot where MacNeil saw it, and was discovered there by two women.

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A good many years ago a young man at Antigonish returned home from work one evening looking as pale as death. To his mother's anxious inquiries, he answered that he was sick from what he met on the road. He told her that a funeral passed him that he thought was his own, for he named all the people at it, the whole country-side, he himself being the only one missing. A week later he was drowned accidentally. Something went wrong with the water-wheel at the mill where he was working and he went down to fix it. Some one by accident turned on the water in the mill-race. Great sympathy was felt for his family, and everybody turned out

for the funeral. It was remarked that everyone whom he had named as present at the phantom funeral was there.

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That the Second Sight is a gift that is not always recognized by the person possessing it is shown by this story, which was told by a near relative of the seer. A little boy, tired from playing, sat beside his mother and put his head in her lap. All at once he told her that two men, whom he did not know, had come into the room. She asked him to describe them to her. He did so very minutely, even to the fact that one of them was wearing new shoes. The very next night the strangers arrived and looked just as the boy had described them. The child did not realize that he had the gift of Second Sight; but when he was grown to manhood he was rendered very unhappy by its possession. He was afraid to go out alone, and even when in company, an evening's enjoyment was frequently marred by the things he saw.

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A young man who was teaching in a Nova Scotia school section had to walk one morning after a holiday a considerable distance to his school. On the way, he called at a very hospitable house for refreshments. The daughter of the house set before him a large bowl of buttermilk and bread, to which he did ample justice. Her old father, who had the Second Sight, came into the kitchen and reproved her very severely for giving the young man such poor fare. "The day will come," said he, "when you will be proud to sit at his table; for as he sat there with the bowl of buttermilk in his hand, I could see the chasuble on his back." Some years later this young man did become a priest, and it was he himself who told me this story.

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A young man was away from his home in Inverness

Co., and for eighteen years he never wrote to his people; but they were not uneasy about him, for they had the Second Sight, and they knew that he was alive and well.

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Two young boys were walking along a country road in Inverness Co., in earnest conversation about the brother of one of them, who was in Minnesota at the time. "I suppose you'll be expecting Neil home next summer?" the one who was not Neil's brother said. The brother looked away and seemed troubled. "Neil will never come home," he replied at last. Within the year Neil died.

CHAPTER V.

FORERUNNERS.

Closely allied to Second Sight is the belief in forerunners, especially with regard to death. There is a persistent tradition that the spirits of the living rehearse the making of coffins, the funeral preparations, even the funeral processions. Those who have the Second Sight see these things, those who have not, very often hear what is going on, although they cannot see them. Very few Nova Scotian Celts are brave enough to walk in the centre of a highway after nightfall, for fear of encountering any of these phantom funeral processions. That their fears are not unfounded, may be seen from the tales that follow.

The grandfather of the man who told me this story, used to go very often to see a relative of his who was dying. One night this relative seemed so near death that he remained until a very late hour. As he was returning home by the highway, walking in the middle of the road, for he was not a superstitious man, he was almost smothered by some terrible obstruction that he could not see. With difficulty he succeeded in getting off the road, and then he stood aside and listened. He could hear distinctly the sound of passing feet, then came the clatter of wagon wheels which he could even hear going over a stone on the road. He waited, until what seemed a whole procession had gone by, then made for his home. As a slight snowfall was covering the ground, he determined to go the next morning to look for tracks. At daybreak he was again on the road, but not a track could he see. The sick man died the next day, and he was convinced that it was the phantom of his funeral procession that he had encountered.

One night, two women had a similar experience. They were returning home after spending the evening with the grandparents of one of them, and were going up a hill walking in the middle of the road, when they suddenly found themselves smothered by some dreadful oppression

from which they could not free themselves, and by which they seemed to be carried along. With great difficulty, they at last succeeded in getting to the side of the road and home. The sister of one of them, who told me the story, was present when they got home. She said they were as pale as death and in a miserably frightened condition. The next day a funeral procession passed over the same route in the same direction the women were going.

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In pioneer days there were no undertakers, so coffins had to be made in the most convenient place in the neighborhood. Many people heard in advance the assembling of the boards for the purpose, and the ghostly strokes of the hammer, as the following stories will show.

One fine frosty morning in February in the early 90's, a truck laden with boards, drove up to a farm house, and the two men on it began to unload it, letting the boards slap down one after the other onto the frozen ground. They had brought them to make a coffin for an old man who had died during the night. When the truck was unloaded they went into the house, the mistress of which was the sister of one man and the cousin of the other. She greeted them with "I hope you are going to finish your job this time. Many a cold night all winter you worked out there. Night after night I lay awake listening to that truck driving up to the door, and those boards being thrown off. Then the sawing, planing and hammering would begin, so that I was terrified to death, for I thought one of the family was going to die." A few minutes later the woman's uncle, who lived in the house, came in and told the same story. He had said nothing of what he had heard for fear of alarming the family. The noises were never heard after that day. (First hand information.)

On another occasion, two young women were sitting up with a child who was dying. It was a beautiful fine night and in that country home everything was quiet. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of hammering and sawing in the workshop near by. They looked

out; the door was closed, nobody was about. One of them looked into her grandfather's room, from which the sound of his deep regular breathing could be heard distinctly. "Isn't it strange," she said, "there is grandfather sleeping quietly, yet listen to his spirit working out there at the coffin that he'll make only to-morrow." They listened in silence to the uncanny sound. The lunch that was brought in to them could not tempt them. The baby died before morning, and the grandfather made the coffin the next morning as they knew he would.

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The appearance of unusual birds, the crowing of cocks at unusual times, were looked upon as omens of death. Once two young girls were out swimming when they saw a big bird come in from the sea and alight on the shore. It seemed perfectly tame, so one of them swam ashore and tried to catch it. It kept just in front of her but she could not lay hands on it. Her companion, who was older and knew more about such things, shouted to her, "Leave it alone, don't touch it, it is a *taibhs.*" "And what is a *taibhs?*" asked the younger girl. "It's a spirit. We're going to get some bad news." They went home as quickly as possible and reached there just at dark. To their surprise, the roosters were crowing as they passed the barns. The next day news arrived of the accidental drowning of the younger girl's uncle. (First hand information.)

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Some years ago, people who live on a certain hill at Barrachois, Cape Breton, used to watch a phantom train glide noiselessly around the headlands of the Bras d'Or, and come to a stop at a gate leading to one of the houses. One who saw it herself told me how at seven o'clock every evening for a whole month, every family on the hill would go out of doors to see it. Every coach was lighted, but no people could be seen. At the hour of its approach, some people sametimes went down to the track to get a better look at it, but were disappoined at its not coming at all, although the watchers on the hill saw it as usual. At the

end of the month, a man was killed by a train just at the gate to which the phantom train used to come. Nobody saw it afterwards.

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Many years ago, at Mull River, Inverness Co., a very thinly settled district, a woman went out into the orchard beside her home to gather some fruit. The sun had just gone down as she was returning to the house; everything was quiet and peaceful; nothing but the distant sound of a cow bell could be heard. All at once the most delightful music broke the stillness. She stood entranced, all her music-loving soul stirred to its depths. But soon she realized that she was listening to phantom music such as she had never heard before. She entered the house and told her experience to her family. They laughed at her for her pains. She even hummed for them the refrain. Then they began asking what kind of music it was. "Was it a violin?" "No." "An organ?" "No." "Bag-pipe?" "No." It seemed to be a combination of all these and a number of other instruments she had never heard before. Some time afterwards she again heard it, and this time she called some of the family to listen also. Four of them heard it this time. Later she heard a military band in Halifax, and recognized the music she had heard. It is believed that this is a forerunner of a military band that may yet be heard in that out of the way district. (Story told me by this woman's sister.)

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Automobiles, which have run in such numbers over our roads for the past twenty-five years, had their forerunners half a century ago. One evening fifty-one years ago, a young man at Mull River, Inverness Co., was going on a message to a neighbor's house, when he saw before him on the road, a very terrifying object. It was large and black and had a red light in the middle of its back. A stream of light came from the front of it, so bright that he could see the shingles on the house to which he was going. It went up to the house, passed around it, and

then came down the road so swiftly that he jumped aside to let it pass. Terrified, he made the sign of the cross, then looked to see the terrible *bochdan.* The bright front lights had turned once more to red. He heard no sound. Not until twenty-five years later did he discover of what it was a forerunner. (Story told me by the man's sister).

Trains, too, had their forerunners in several places. Years before a railway was built through Inverness Co. trains were seen and heard. One evening, a man who lived a mile above Mabou River, when returning from feeding his cattle in the barn, heard the sound of a train passing where no one ever thought it would pass. He called his wife and children, and they all listened to the clatter of the "Judique Flier" as it made its way over the grassy slopes and wooded hills of this beautiful countryside. Contrary to all expectations, when the railway was built several years later, the route it took was through that particular part of the country.

When the engineers were surveying the Point Tupper to Sydney branch of the Canadian National Railways, they came one evening to a farmhouse and began surveying the land in front of it. The old farmer came out to them, and told them that they were wasting their time there, for the trains would pass at the rear of the house, for he had seen them there. The next year a new survey was made, and sure enough to-day the trains pass behind the old farmer's house.

The main highway at Port Hawkesbury, C.B., skirts the cliffs that rise high above the waters of the Strait of Canso, and runs close to the tracks of the C.N.R. Across the narrow ribbon of water, Cape Porcupine casts his dark shadow from the Mulgrave side of the Strait, and busy ferry boats hasten to bridge the mile-wide passage. But time was when the houses on the steep hill above the road looked down on a much less active scene. In these early years, two old women were walking along this highway, when all of a sudden they heard a terrible noise, a rushing and a clatter; then, more terrifying still, an awful, huge,

black thing, with one big eye in it, came rattling past them and went right through a fishhouse that stood near by. They ran to the nearest house, and entered pale, breathless, scared to death. Years later, one of them heard a train on the mainland of Nova Scotia, and recognized the sound as the one she had previously heard. She died before the Inverness railway was built. The track, when surveyed, passed through the fishhouse. (Told me by a man who had it first hand.)

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A young man was attending school at Antigonish, a distance of eleven miles from his home in Glen Alpine. On one occasion, he walked the whole distance in order to get home for a holiday. That night, although he was very tired, he could not sleep. As he lay awake in a little bedroom off the parlor, he happened to look out into that room, and was horrified to see the dead body of his sister laid out just opposite him. As she was in very good health at the time, he concealed his strange experience from the family. A month later, he was summoned home for her death. She was laid out just where he had seen her. (Story told me by a man who had it from the seer.)

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As you approach beautiful Baddeck from Margaree, your motor runs smoothly up and down the rugged mountain sides giving you an endless variety of scenery. You play hide and seek with Cape Breton's far-famed lakes which show you a new phase of their beauty at every height you climb; while your artistic sense is charmed by the variegated coloring of the trees, shrubs and undergrowth which surround you on all sides. But before the advent of automobiles and their attendant good roads, driving through this district was not so pleasant as it is to-day. The distances were great, the roads, poor. A doctor who lived at Baddeck, had a large country practice, and had to drive a long distance along these lonely roads to minister to his patients. One night, he was returning from one of these sick calls, when all at once, his horse stood stock

still, and no persuasion would make him go on. Then the doctor saw a light coming towards him. Nearer and nearer it approached until it stood just in front of him. Then gradually there appeared in its midst the outline of a human face, which by degrees evolved into a countenance so beautiful that he could not tire of looking at it. At last it began to grow dimmer and dimmer, until it disappeared into the ball of light; then this. too, faded away. The doctor was so much impressed by it that although it was after midnight when he reached home, he awakened his wife to tell her of the strange happening; then he lay awake all night thinking about it.

A week later a man, his wife and child, were travelling along the same road in a sulky, when one of the wheels came off, and all three were pitched out. A hurried call brought the doctor to the scene of the accident. It was the very spot where his horse had been stopped a week before. He went first to attend the woman who was moaning and groaning; then he picked up the child, who was lying perfectly still. At a glance he saw it was dead. Its beautiful face he recognized as the face he had seen in the ball of light. (Story told by an intimate friend of the doctor).

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Years before the Gypsum works were installed at Iona, Victoria Co., the wooded heights overhanging the calm waters in that picturesque cove, and indeed the whole shore-line, were the haunt of the spirits of the present-day workers; their machinery and railway trains were also seen and heard there by many. So frequent were these occurrences that people in nearing the present location of the plant, used to get into the water and wade past it; for the belief was that spirits cannot touch you if you are in the water. This looks like a survival of the belief in the potency of an ancient water deity. (Popular tradition).

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The appearance of mysterious lights was looked upon as a warning of death. One of these lights was seen night after night for a long time at the entrance to Antigonish Harbor. People used to watch it wend its way up the Harbor channel and disappear. A strange boy was drowned just where the light appeared, and his body was taken up the channel for burial. It was believed that the light was the forerunner of this death, for it was never seen afterwards. (Story told me by one who used to watch the light).

A light seen going very quickly towards the graveyard was regarded as a sure sign of death. A clear, round light indicated the death of a man; a light with little rays or sparks after it, that of a woman. If you could see the house it started from, you would know where the victim was.

A falling meteor brought death to some one belonging to the person who saw it.

A limp corpse was a sign that another death would soon take place in the same house. A little child died in a home in Inverness Co. A wise old woman who prepared the little corpse for burial, came out of the death chamber, shaking her head in a very mournful fashion. "I'm very much afraid we'll have this job here soon again," she said to her assistant: "Didn't you notice there wasn't a bit of stiffness about the body?" The next week the little brother of the dead child died. (Told by the sister of these children).

Dogs howling without reason was considered a sure sign of death, for these animals were believed to be endowed with the power of seeing phantom funerals and such like things. This belief was quite common.

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An interesting story of a death warning comes from the Indians of Escasoni. When Father Vincent, a saintly Trappist monk, preached a mission to them long ago on the shores of the Bras d'Or, they perceived that the good

old man was not in his usual health; so a delegation of them went to him one day and asked: "Father, how will we know when you are dead?" The saintly old monk looked out over the beautiful Bras d'Or, whose isle-studded waters the sun of the late afternoon was turning to molten gold. then, with a scarcely audible sigh, he pointed to a nearby tree and said: "You'll know I'm dead when you see that tree fall." Weeks passed, and then one day they found that the tree had fallen. They spread the report throughout the whole settlement that Father Vincent was dead. The report was soon confirmed by the news from the monastery.

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In pioneer days, whenever anyone died in a house, the friends and relatives kept close watch lest a little white animal resembling a weasel, might get into the house without their knowledge. This little animal was the warning that the Aog—a spirit of evil attendant at wakes—had come to the house. If it came, they would take a large knife, or some other piece of steel, and pass it through the flour, meal, and all the food that was in the pantry. If this precaution was neglected, these materials would become useless; yeast would have no effect on the flour, etc. This would surely be a great misfortune at a funeral, for all the time the corpse was in the house the table was kept set and meals were served to everyone who came. It was considered very poor manners to say the least, for anyone to leave the wake house without eating; in fact, many regarded this behavior as an act of disrespect towards the dead.

While the coffin was being made—there were no undertakers in those days — the body was laid on a funeral couch made of boards, and draped with white sheets. A tiny plate containing salt was placed on the chest of the corpse. All the windows and doors were kept closed and the blinds were closely drawn. This may possibly have been an effort to exclude the destructive Aog.

CHAPTER VI.

APPARITIONS DUE TO STRONG WISHING.

It was a popular belief among the Celts that if you wished yourself anywhere at night you were sure to appear there. If harm befell these apparitions, the rash wisher also was harmed. The apparition could be prevented if to the words: "I wish from the bottom of my heart or soul that I was there," these were added: "but not with a night's wish." That these beliefs were common in Nova Scotia the following stories, all of which have been collected from oral sources, will show.

About seventy years ago, at Judique, in Inverness Co., there was a dance at which an engaged couple were present. The young man's affections, however, had cooled to such an extent that early in the evening he left the house and his fiancée behind him and set out for home. Just at his own gate a slight sound attracted him, and as he turned around he met the girl face to face. She attacked him, catching him by the throat. He caught her by the arms and tried to hold her off, but as that was not effective and she was getting the better of him, he struck her a blow on the head. She put her hand to her head and cried out: "Oh! my head! I'm dying!" and fell to the ground. He bent to pick her up, but — there was nothing there.

At the same time, in the house where the dance was still going on, this young girl fainted. Her friends crowded around her and tried to revive her. All at once she put her hand to her head and cried out: "Oh! my head! I'm dying!" and actually passed away.

The body was prepared for burial and laid "on the boards" with a veil over the face. The young man went to pray beside her, and when he had done so, according to custom, he raised the veil to view the remains. So horrified was he to see a blue mark on her head just where he had struck her on that memorable night, that he went off into a dead faint. When he revived, he told the story of his encounter with her wraith. Those, who prepared the body for burial, solemnly asserted that there were black and blue marks on her arms also. The people were all convinced that he had caused her death, but as all her friends were around her when she actually died, no action could be taken against him. Yet his position in the community became so uncomfortable that he left the country.

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A somewhat similar story comes from Antigonish. Many years ago two families lived on intimate terms on adjoining farms. In one home was a daughter named Mary, in the other a son named Malcolm. When the children were quite grown up, Mary's family moved to Montreal. Shortly after this removal, Malcolm was lying awake one night when, all at once, he felt great pressure on his chest. What was his amazement to see Mary kneeling on him with an umbrella open over her head. She began pounding him on the chest with great force, and he could not get her away. The next morning he was too ill to rise, and for days he was in a suffering condition from the thrashing he had received. When he was able to do so, he wrote to Mary and asked her what she was doing on that particular night, and told her of his experience. She wrote back that she was walking down a street in Montreal in the pouring rain and carrying an umbrella. She was very lonely in that big city, and she wished with all heart that she was with Malcolm. She surely got her wish with a vengeance.

(Story told by Malcolm's niece, who heard it from himself).

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At Arisaig, Antigonish Co., there lived an old man who was famous for Second Sight. The boys and girls of the place, who used to make sport of his weird stories, teased him unmercifully. One evening a number of them were out in a sail boat in the Gulf, just off the rock-bound Coast of Arisaig. In the spirit of mischief, they said to one another: "Come, let us wish all together that old Rory may see us going in the boat through his house." Meanwhile, at the old man's house, the family were all assembled in their living room. Suddenly the old man arose, made everyone move away from the centre of the room, then, with a jack-knife, he seemed to be cutting a hole in an object unseen by the others. The next day he met some of the merry-makers. "Ah," he said, "what were you trying to do last night? I might have drowned you all as easily as not. Your boat came right through the room and I cut a piece out of the sail. If you don't believe me, go look at it." Sure enough, they found that a hole had been cut in the sail.

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At Antigonish Harbor a young man named William was awakened at a late hour one stormy night by hearing his brother Dan, who was out at sea, come up stairs dressed in his oil skins, and enter his room. "Is that you, Dan?" he asked. "Yes," came the reply. "I've walked all the way from Cape George." (A distance of eighteen miles). "It's a pretty bad night and you must be tired. Turn right in here with me," William said. When he saw his brother comfortably settled he went off to sleep again.

The next morning when William awoke he was surprised to find that Dan had already arisen. He dressed hurriedly, went down stairs, and asked his sisters: "Did you see Dan?" "Dan?" they said. "Did he come

home?'' ''Yes,'' he answered, ''he came last night.'' ''Well it is funny he didn't come near us,'' they said.

William went out to the barns, the shed, the shop, in fact every place that Dan might be, but could not find him. When he did not turn up by the afternoon, he began to realize that Dan's spirit only had visited him, and he became very uneasy; yet he did not want to alarm the family by telling the whole story.

A fortnight later Dan actually came home. William, at the first opportunity, asked him if he wished to be home that very stormy night. He answered: ''Yes; when our schooner was rounding Cape George the waves were mountains high and we were in great danger. I wished with all my heart and soul to be on land, and I'd walk all the way home from the Cape.'' (Story told by the niece of the two men. She lived on the farm next to theirs).

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A half century ago a merchant ship went ashore on the rocks off the coast of Guysboro', and the goods which were undamaged were put up for sale. Mr. T———, of Antigonish town, went off early in the morning with a truck and a span of horses to make purchases there. That night, at midnight, Mrs. T——— heard the sound of heavy wheels, and her husband's voice in conversation with some men; then he called out ''good-night'' and drove on. She jumped up from her bed to meet him, but found nobody. He arrived only the following day. On inquiry, Mrs. T——— found out that he left Guysboro at midnight, and as he dreaded the long, dreary drive, he wished with all his heart to be home. He stopped in front of a friend's store, conversed for a few minutes, then called out ''Good-night,'' as he whipped up his horses for his long, lonely drive. (Told me by Mr. T——'s daughter).

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A young woman belonging to Antigonish was visiting her sister, who was married in Inverness Co. One evening she took sick and longed to be home. Just at bedtime, as she was about to kneel to say her prayers, she said to her sister: "I wish to the Lord that I was home to-night." "Take care they don't see you at home," came the warning. "I don't care if they do," she said, and went on with her prayers.

That same night her three other sisters were sitting in the living room at home. After they had chatted for some time, two of them went to the pantry, carrying the lamp with them, and leaving the third alone in the dark. They had gone only a few minutes when Margaret, the one who was left alone, heard one of them, as she thought, return. She walked past her to the far side of the room, her garments fanning Margaret's face as she did so. She knelt down, and made the Sign of the Cross out loud and began the "Our Father." "Good gracious! but that girl prays just like Christy," Margaret said to herself, naming her sister who was absent in Cape Breton. When the two girls had regaled themselves in the pantry they returned with the light. "Which of you was in here praying a minute ago?" Margaret asked. Each declared solemnly that it was not she. They searched around everywhere for the mysterious personage, but with no success. Only then did Margaret realize that her visitor was from the spirit land. (This story was told me by both Margaret and Christy).

CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

It is a belief confirmed by many examples that the dead cannot rest easily if they have left debts unpaid, or wrongs done and not righted. Sometimes, too, they have come back in fulfilment of a promise, or to request almsgiving in their behalf. Stories of this sort are so numerous in Nova Scotia that it is impossible to include more than a few representative ones in a discussion of general folk-lore. All the following stories are from oral sources. The tellers knew the people concerned personally.

When fishermen go out to sea, they generally go in pairs. On one occasion, a number of boats were caught in a squall off the Cape Breton coast. One of them upset, and one of its two occupants was drowned. When the boats reached shore again, the other fishers were surprised to see the man whose companion had been lost, standing alone on the shore looking into space. They called him, but he did not heed them. When at last he went to them, they asked him why he delayed. "Well," he said, "I was talking to poor Bill (his companion). He was waiting for me when I drew up the boat on the shore."

"And what did he want?" asked his friends.

"Not a very big thing. He asked me to go to his house and ask for $4.00 to pay a bill he owed down at the store."

"And did he tell you anything about the other world whatever?"

"Well, I asked him if it was as hard as we were thinking, and he said: 'No, not nearly; there is unlimited wisdom and limited justice!"

He got the money, went to the store indicated, and asked if Bill owed anything there. "Yes, $4.00." was the answer.

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Several young men were working in a forge at Skye Glen, Inverness Co., one of whom, named Mike, died suddenly. One night two years later a friend of his, named Pat, as he rode home, saw Mike standing at a little bridge waiting for him. He tried to pass, but Mike stopped the horse and pulled him off. "My God! are you going to kill me?" Pat said. "Why didn't you speak and I wouldn't hurt you. I couldn't speak first," said Mike. They sat down on the bank at the side of the road and talked until cock-crow.

The next day Pat arrived at the forge at Skye Glen. He went to an old chimney, took a brick from it, and from a little shelf inside he took four horse-shoes. He gave fifty cents to a workman in the forge, and carried the horse-shoes up the hill to the nearest house, and gave them, with an explanatory word, to the owner; then went off without another word. To the questioners at the forge the only information given was that these were debts of Mike's. Pat was not permitted to disclose anything further.

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During the Great War, a young man was driving from his home to Antigonish town. He did not notice the beauty of the young green of spring on the fields and wooded hillsides; nor did he cast a glance towards the white farm-houses and their clusters of barns and outhouses as he rode by. His thoughts were absorbed by the news of the death of his brother on the battle-fields of France. He started from his absorption when he found himself almost face to face with a young man in

uniform who was walking towards him. In a moment he recognized his brother. His first thought was that the report was false, and that his brother was really there in the flesh; so he stopped and asked: "Are you coming home?" "Yes," was the reply; "I am coming to give you a message. You remember the tree we chopped down and put across the road to prevent the neighbors from going through our farm? I want you to take it away as soon as possible." His brother promised to do so, and then found himself alone. He returned home immediately, and set to work to chop up the tree and remove it from the road.

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Ewan Mor, a respectable old man, saved all his life and had a comfortable home, with money in the bank besides. But his sons were far from being thrifty, and were having a good time at his expense. The old man realized that all his hard earnings would go, and suspecting that his sons might even draw on him, he took from the bank all the money he had there and concealed it. Shortly after this he died. During his lifetime he had been a very hospitable man. Wayfarers were always well received at his house. But after his death people could not stay there on account of the noises and the tramping heard and the apparitions of the old man. Once a stranger slept in the house. In the middle of the night he saw the old man standing at his bedside. He asked him in God's name what he wanted. The old man told him to go to the threshing floor of the barn, lift up a loose board, and find there a box with money and other valuables in it, which were to be distributed to the family. In the morning the stranger told the old man's sons of this strange occurrence. They went together to the barn, discovered the loose board, and found the box. After this there were no more uncanny manifestations in the house.

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A man was returning to his home in Mabou, Inverness

Co., one Sunday night when he met a woman whom at first sight he thought was his sister, who had died a short time before. Although it was not she, nevertheless he thought it right to speak to her; so he said to her in Gaelic: "If you are from God, speak; if not, I'll have nothing to do with you." She replied in English: "For forty years I have been waiting here for someone to speak to me, but you are the first one who has done so." He had some conversation with her, the content of which he could not reveal, except that she asked him to give alms in her behalf. Then she said: "The souls are just as numerous between us and your house as were to-day's congregation at Mass." He turned to look, but only the broad fields, the nearby hill-sides and the moon-flooded harbor met his gaze. When he turned back to her she had vanished. Pale and trembling, with beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, he reached home and told his sister of his encounter.. That sister's daughter told me.

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At Mabou, again, there was a man named Ronald, who made a bargain with his friend named Donald, that whichever of them should die first would return to tell the other all about it. Ronald's wife, who was present at the time, objected strongly to such a pact; but they did not listen to her. Shortly after this Donald died. Two years later Ronald's son, Donald, went away to a town ten miles distant on business, and intended to return that night. As night advanced, his father grew uneasy and decided to go to meet him. He took his horse and went by a short cut through the fields. He had not gone far when he saw a man coming towards him. He shouted: "Is that you, Donald?" "Yes," came the answer, "but not the Donald you are expecting." The form of his old friend advanced through the darkness, passed his arm through the bridle rein, and stopped the horse. Ronald dismounted, and talked a long time with

Convent and Church, Mabou, C.B.

Another View

the spirit, who told him many things he was not allowed to speak about. (Story told by a cousin of both men).

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A man belonging to Northeast Mabou was returning home from Mabou village one night, when he met, quite near the cemetery he had to pass, a man who he knew was dead. He spoke in God's name, and asked what he could do to relieve him. The ghost said: "Come with me to my own place." Now, his former home was at Black River, five miles away; yet the courageous man turned his steps thither and followed his ghostly guide up the tree-lined road, past the church and convent, through the quiet village, then out along the highway around the brow of the hill, from which he could discern the outlines of beautiful Hillsboro' sleeping peacefully cradled amid hills. The calm beauty of the scene did not tempt the ghostly visitant. With never a halt, on he went along the road over the high banks, which re-echoed the voice of Glenora Falls; then down into the valley, where the sound of trickling water and the man's solitary footsteps broke the uncanny stillness. After what must have seemed ages to the man, the ghost turned up a road leading to his former home. He did not invite the man into the house, but showed him several things that had to be done about the place. and pointed out articles that were to be returned to their owners. When the messages were all given, he disappeared. (Story told by a first neighbor of the courageous man).

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The story that follows was told by a woman who taught school at Ohio, Antigonish Co. She was boarding at a house there, kept by two sisters and their brother. One day she remarked to one of the women how very pious and good her brother was. "Yes, indeed he is," was the reply, "but he was not always so attentive to his religious duties. Would you like to hear what changed him?" On the teacher showing eagerness to hear the

story, she began: "Well, when he was in his 'teens there was a big dance over at Jim Angus's one night. Everybody was going, ourselves included. I believe the only ones not going were Mary John Archie — God rest her soul, she was on her last then — and her mother. A few days after the dance my brother went to see Mary — you see, she was a cousin of our own — and, of course, she wanted to know all about the dance, and, above all, she wanted to know what girl her beau took there. But although she coaxed very hard, my brother wouldn't tell her. 'Well, I'll not rest in my grave till I'll find out,' she told him at last. Poor thing, she didn't live long after that. She wasn't long in her grave until I began seeing a kind of a shadow of a woman following my brother whenever he went out, even in the daytime. Well, mind you, didn't Mary herself meet him one night when he was coming home through the fields. There was a big log there, and she motioned him to sit down on one end of it and she sat on the other. She told him that the words she said to him about not resting in her grave until she found out what girl her beau took to the dance were the dearest words she ever said. They were keeping her wandering about all the time, watching for a chance to ask him to tell her, although she didn't care now whether she knew or not. Of course, he told her then. She told many other things besides that upset him so much that he set out early the next morning to see the priest. The priest would only let him tell one thing, that was what she said about the great value of the Mass. From that day to this he was a changed man, just as you see him now — and, indeed, it isn't surprising after what he went through."

CHAPTER VIII.

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

Witches were believed to have communication with a spirit of evil from which they received the power to change themselves into any shape they pleased. When they took the shape of animals, they were thought to have some very evil design in view, and it was dangerous to meet them. They were supposed to have the power to take away the dairy products, and, indeed, those of the whole farm. The Druids led their followers to believe that they had charms to prevent the witches from doing harm, and these charms they gave on receipt of payment. (Introduction to Popular Tales of the West Highlands by J. F. Campbell).

Sir Lawrence Gomme in his "Ethnology in Folklore," traces witchcraft back to the aboriginal inhabitants of Britain. He explains it as the survival of aboriginal beliefs from aboriginal sources. The aborigines believed in their own demoniacal powers, and passed on those beliefs to their Celtic conquerors. The Scottish witch he considered as the successor of the Druid priestess in her capacity for animal transformations, and her power over winds and waves.

The stories that follow show that there was a belief in witchcraft current in Nova Scotia in pioneer days. These stories I have taken down from word of mouth as they were told me.

A trustworthy woman in Inverness Co. knew of a certain farm where at the milking hour a rabbit used to come to the cow yard and run in and out among the

cows. The day following this occurrence there would be no cream on the milk. As this state of affairs continued day after day, the woman of the house asked her husband to take his gun and shoot the animal, for she felt sure that it was the cause of the lack of cream. Accordingly, the next evening the man went out prepared to put an end to the rabbit. Just as he raised his gun and took aim, he heard a child's voice call: "Granny, Granny, hurry, they're after you!" and he saw a little boy peering anxiously through the palings. He lowered the gun, picked up a stone and threw it at the rabbit, hitting it on the leg. It scampered off on three legs as fast as it could go. The next day it was discovered that an old woman of the neighborhood had had her leg broken in some mysterious manner.

Butter-forming in the churn was frequently delayed through witchcraft. Another woman in Antigonish Co. had churned cream for two whole days without any success. At last she felt convinced that some evil force was at work, so she went to her husband and induced him, much against his will, to go to the parish priest and get some water blessed especially for the purpose. After the blessed water had been sprinkled over the churn the butter formed immediately. (First hand information).

Mr. Murphy, who lives at Low Point, Cape Breton Co., told me that he often heard his grandfather and other old men of the place tell about an old squaw who lived there in the long ago, and who had uncanny powers. Sometimes the young boys of the neighborhood would assemble near her hut to see what she would do. In a twinkling she would enter her abode, and reappear in a few moments as a rabbit. After they had given her chase and she had shown them that they could not catch her, she would enter her hut again and reappear in her usual form. She was never accused of harmful deeds, yet people were on their guard against her.

A more vicious witch was known around Antigonish

Co. For the accomplishing of her misdeeds she used the 108th Psalm as an incantation.

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Mr. Murphy, mentioned above, was acquainted with an old deep-sea fisherman who had a fund of queer old stories, of which these are specimens:

Once upon a time there was a company of fishermen, all of whom were wizards. On Saturday night they would jump, each one into a bailing can, and would sail away to parts unknown. On Monday morning they would all come back, each one with a clean "shift."

One evening a boat load of fishermen was approaching the shores of Nova Scotia; so near were they to land, that the lowing of cows in a nearby pasture could be heard very distinctly. One of their number expressed his longing to reach land so as to get a good drink of water. A rather strange-looking individual among them said that he could satisfy this craving for a drink immediately. So he took a piece of rope and unravelled it, then set the bailing can in position, and began "milking" the rope into the can, while the cows lowed but a short distance away. When the process was completed he offered the milk to his thirsty companions, who naturally would have none of it. Nothing daunted, he drank it all himself.

THE WITCH OF MULL.

At Mull River, Inverness Co., there lived in pioneer days a very bad old woman, who died at the age of one hundred and eighteen. After she had passed the century mark she grew two horns on her forehead, which increased a quarter of an inch every year. She had the evil eye, and consequently everyone was afraid of her. If her neighbor's cow happened to give more milk than hers, on the day following her cow would give twice as much milk as before and the neighbor's would give none. Periodically, she went collecting around the neighborhood and carried with her for the purpose a large canvas bag

bound with iron. She would take everything that was given her, and woe betide those who refused her. She used a terrible incantation, in which she called upon the devil to harm those who denied her requests.

She lived in a tiny, windowless log cabin, which had a queer old flue called the witch's chimney. When she was dying, charitable people used to bring her some tallow candles that she might not be in complete darkness; but never one of them did she burn. Instead, she melted them all, mixed the tallow with meal, and ate them. So much for her digestive powers.

The night she died, those who were watching beside her, heard stones falling from the roof. They went out to see what was happening, but although they could see nothing, they could hear the stones falling and the witch's incantation muttered all around the house.

After she was buried, the neighbors decided to burn down the house. Two courageous men, whose names tradition has preserved, went into it, and spied at once the witch-bag in a corner. Immediately they lighted a fire and placed the bag upon it. As they did so, a terrible explosion shook the hut, the bag shot out through the chimney, which it took with it, and rose up into the sky. Then it descended to the earth intact. Since they could not burn it, they decided to bury it. As they left the country shortly afterwards, the knowledge of its location has been lost. (Story told by a man who spent his childhood and boyhood at Mull River).

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If a witch should happen to meet a herd of cattle, she was blamed for any trouble that might befall. such as failure to give milk, sickness of the cattle, accidents. One potent witch formula is this: "If you want to get the cream of another man's cow, go out in the morning and pick up as many as possible of the webs of dew from the cow's tracks." (Local tradition).

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Closely allied to wichcraft is the EVIL EYE. This is an affliction from which some people suffer without any apparent fault of their own, whereby they cannot look at anything in an admiring fashion but they do harm to it. A beautiful child, if looked at or admired by such a person, immediately falls ill of some strange wasting disease. To prevent the Evil Eye, people used to put silver coins around the child's neck. This practice probably accounts for the number of pierced coins that are found around Nova Scotia. (Local Tradition).

Mrs. MacGillivary, in Antigonish Co., had a fine cow in her pasture which she took her friend out to see. Her friend praised it very highly. After she left, the cow took a peculiar sickness, of which she died in a few hours. If Mrs. MacGillivary had taken the precaution to say "God bless it," no evil would have befallen the animal.

When a person who had the Evil Eye wished to buy an animal, it was best to let him have it. even at his own price, for otherwise something or other usually would happen to the animal. Mr. MacLeod, in Inverness Co., had a very fine horse, for which a man in the neighborhood, who coveted the animal, offered a good price. MacLeod refused to sell it at any price. A couple of hours later the horse was found with its leg broken.

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There is an island near the south shore of Antigonish harbor which was rented for twelve years by a certain family. At the end of that time, Mr. Cameron, whose property was nearer the island, wanted to lease it. but the other people wished to continue holding it. The owner decided in favor of Cameron. When the other family heard this they were very much incensed, and one of their number told Cameron that he would never get any good out of it; nor did he. Everything seemed to turn against him there. Fire destroyed all the timber he cut down; grubs attacked the crop of vegetables he

planted there, although a like crop which he asked a neighbor to plant adjoining his own was left untouched. At last the evil wish was removed by having the bishop bless the place. (Story told by Mr. Cameron's grandson).

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Salt blessed by a priest was looked upon as an unfailing remedy against the influence of the Evil Eye. Mrs. MacNeil, who lived on a farm in Cape Breton, was having a great deal of trouble with her cows. When she went to milk them they became so wild that it was necessary to hold them. One day, while in conversation with her parish priest, she mentioned this circumstance. The priest blessed a quantity of salt, and told her to give it to her cows. She did so, and had no further trouble. She gave a part of the salt to her neighbor, who was never able to churn much butter although her cows gave a great deal of milk. After the cows had eaten the blessed salt, there was a marked increase in the amount of butter.

CHAPTER IX.

FAIRY LORE.

Gomme's theory of fairies is that they are the traditional representatives of an ancient pygmy race. J. F. Campbell, in his introduction to Popular Tales of the West Highlands, bears out this theory by his discoveries. By living among the Lapps, he found out that their manners and customs are similar to those ascribed to the fairies. For example, he knows one dwelling in the north of Europe which would answer the description of a fairy mound. It is round, about twelve feet in diameter, and sunk three feet in the sand. The roof is made of sticks and covered with turf. At a short distance, it looks exactly like a conical green mound about four feet high. He saw a somewhat similar dwelling uncovered in the sand hills near the sea in South Uist, Scotland. A Lapp, even when wearing a high peaked cap, could easily fit under his arm. They move around very rapidly, aided by long birch poles. They are fond of hoarding treasure. In fact, they are such a people as the mist of antiquity might encircle with all the magic attributed to fairies.

The early settlers of Nova Scotia brought with them from the old lands a belief in the existence of fairies. The whole district which the town of Inverness now covers was formerly called the Shean (from the Gaelic Sithean, meaning the house of the fairies). In this district there was a small hill, shaped something like a large hay stack, where the old people used to see the "little people" in thousands. People in general would not walk

about in that place at night; but when they did so, as soon as they approached the hill the little visitors vanished. A man who owned a farm at that place was so much troubled by noises of no natural description that he sold his place in order to get rid of them.

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An old pedlar used to go around the country with his waggon-load of goods drawn by a rather miserable-looking grey horse. One night he put up at Mr. MacNeil's house, near Castle Bay, and his horse was comfortably housed in the near-by stable. In the morning when Mr. MacNeil, who was up betimes, went to the stable, he was surprised to find the stranger's horse decorated with braided tail and mane. He expressed his surprise to the pedlar, who told him that this was a nightly occurrence, and he ascribed it to the fairies. No matter in what part of the country he was, or what precautions were taken to prevent intruders from entering the stables, the same thing took place. When they gave the horse water into which a silver coin was placed, the plaits unravelled of themselves.

Mr. Murphy told me of another prank played by the fairies on the farm adjoining his grandfather's lot at Low Point. A man from the old country went out reaping one day in a field of this farm, when, lo and behold! he perceived that all the stooks previously made had been turned upside down. "I didn't think we had any of the 'little people' in this part of the world," he declared in his astonishment.

The Acadians are quite familiar with these little creatures under the name of "lutin." In olden times they used to hear, about sunset, a noise in the air like the flapping of the wings of a flock of large birds. This was followed by the sound of the rolling of wheels, the laughter and singing of men and women, the ringing of bells and the barking of dogs. On one occasion the words were heard as follows:

Men's voices: .....Caribi, caribi,
Women's voices: .....Caribi, caribo,
Men's voices: .....Houpe li! Houpe la!
Women's voices: .....Caribi, caribo.
All together: .....Ah! ah! ah! tra, la, la.
.....Oh! oh! oh! dri do do

At night the "lutin" would come and make braids in the horses' manes and drive or ride those horses that were best and swiftest. The horses so treated did not suffer any ill effects of the rough usage to which they were subjected. (Mr. Henri Le Blanc, an Acadian, gave me this information. I have consulted several other Acadians in different sections of the country, and found them all of the same opinion with regard to the mischievous "lutin").

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In general, however, the fairy tales that are current in Nova Scotia are importations from the Celtic lands that have been handed down by oral tradition. A good specimen of these tales was obtained for me by a kind friend from Mr. Neil MacLellan, of Broad Cove. He told it to her in Gaelic, and she translated it. It is called "Donald MacNorman and the Fairy Child."

Many generations ago there lived in one of the glens of Scotland a kind old man of the name of Donald MacNorman, and his wife, Red Janet. Their home was in the upper part of the glen near a big rock. The glen was surrounded by high mountains. There was nothing to break the silence of their solitude except the murmur of a river as it flowed gently past their door, and the song of the birds as they sang sweetly in the grove above their house.

Many a time Donald would stand listening to the moaning of the wind on the craggy mountain tops — those mountains that had been buffeted by many a fierce gale for hundreds of years.

No stranger from land or sea but was welcome at

Norman's house. His home and table were at the disposal of the traveller. This was a satisfaction to him, for he felt that he was rendering service to others.

As is the case with every other mortal, Donald's happiness was not complete. He had no heir who would hand down his name to future generations. But Donald had great faith in the fairies, and firmly believed the strange stories he had heard about them from his ancestors. No doubt his surroundings had something to do with confirming this faith. He felt that they might do for him what they had done for others, and his confidence in them was not in vain, for the fairies gave him to understand that the long-desired heir would one day in the near future come to gladden his home. At this news his happiness knew no bounds. No robin on the branch, nor nightingale in the glade, sang sweeter than he.

One fine evening, on arriving home from his boats, he was met by the nurse, who placed a beautiful child in his arms. There was great rejoicing. The whole neighborhood assembled, and for days the glass went the rounds to do honour to the little stranger.

Everything went well for a time. There was not a cloud on Donald's horizon that little Norman did not dispel. But, alas! the day was near at hand when Donald's brightest dreams and sweetest hopes were to be shattered. One dry, cold day in spring, when Donald and Janet were working in the fields, they left a little girl to take care of the child. After putting him to sleep in the cradle, the girl went out to play. When she came back what was her surprise to find instead of the healthy child she had left in the cradle, a thin, miserable little infant.

Immediately the little girl ran to tell the parents. The news soon spread abroad, and great sympathy was felt for the grief-stricken father and mother. Search was made high and low for little Norman, but without success. Finally, in despair, Donald thought he would have a look

at the stranger who replaced his beloved child. Standing over the cradle, he raised his hands in horror, saying: "May God be between us and you. I know this creature does not belong to this world." Janet said that she would not close an eye while the creature was under the roof. "If that is the case," said Donald, "you will be without sleep for many a day, for it does not seem to be in a hurry to leave." Then they began to wonder what they would do about the child. The only way they could solve the difficulty was to keep it and treat it kindly. The child seemed to respond to their treatment, for it seemed to be enjoying life.

At last Donald and his friends came to the conclusion that it was the fairy queen who had taken little Norman away and had put this child in his place. So Donald was advised to place the child on the big rock above the house, and leave it there all night. If the fairy queen should hear it cry, she would come for it and leave Norman in its place. So this was done. Donald hoped that if the fairy queen failed to come for it, the eagles might carry it off. Early next morning he went to the rock, but found that neither fairy queen nor eagle had come for the fairy child. The only thing to do was to bring it back home.

After this it became more intolerable than ever. It kept up a continual howl night and day; and like the lean kine of Egypt, the more it ate the thinner it got.

Then, a lame tailor came to Donald's house to make him a suit of clothes. It was harvest time, and all were busy. After breakfast Janet went to the fields with her husband, and left the fairy child in the tailor's charge.

They had not gone a long time when the child raised itself on its elbow in the cradle and looked cautiously around. When it saw that they were alone in the house, it turned to the tailor and told him not to be afraid, for, if he promised not to tell anybody, it would play for him the sweetest tune he had ever heard. Then it pulled a

chanter from behind it, and began to play. The tailor was so entranced that he could not sew another stitch. He stuck the needle in the coat he was making, crossed his legs, and listened. But he was not long in this position when he saw twenty maidens dressed in green cloaks come in. Then music and dancing began in earnest. The tailor with his eyes almost jumping out of his head, sat watching them. At last he jumped up, threw the coat away, and joined in the dance. During the dancing he made an attempt to swing one of the maidens, but, to his astonishment, he found that she was only a shadow. Once when turning around, one of the maidens struck him such a blow that he saw stars. Raising his hand to ward off the blow, he found himself seated in his chair with his coat on his knees, just as he was before the music began. On looking around, he found that there was no one in the house but himself and the child lying quietly in the cradle, as if nothing had happened. The harvesters came home, and the tailor was very happy when the coat was finished, for he did not wish to go through a like experience again.

Shortly after this, the "little one" began to get up and sit by the fireside when the others went to bed. It would spend hours rocking itself and singing sad songs. This used to annoy Donald, so one night he threatened to get up and punish the strange creature for disturbing their night's rest; but Janet begged him not to have anything to do with the child lest some misfortune might befall them.

Donald was getting ready to go to the forge one day when, to his great surprise, the fairy child asked him to get news from the blacksmith for him. The news that Donald brought was that the forge on the hillside was burned to the ground, anvil and all. At this the child got excited and screamed out: "My loss! My loss!" It took the chanter in its hand and began to play, at the same time leaping and running over the hills. When

Donald, who was watching the performance, returned to the house to relate to Janet what he had seen and heard, lo and behold! he found in the cradle his own little Norman, lying quietly and smiling at him.

If there was sorrow at the loss of Norman, there was a hundred times more rejoicing at his recovery. A great feast was prepared, at which all the neighbors were invited, the lame tailor included. If there was joy at Norman's birth, there was still greater joy at his return from the land of the fairies.

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The story that follows was given firm credence by the grandfather of the man who told it to me.

One Christmas Eve, as two neighbors were returning home with two kegs of whiskey slung on their backs, they saw the Hill of the Fairies open, and in they went. Being off their guard, they forgot to stick a piece of steel — a knife would do — into the upper part of the door. Had they done this, the fairies could not have shut them in.

Two years from that evening two of their neighbors saw the Hill open and the dancing going on. They stuck steel in the door and entered. The first two, who, they suspected all the time were in the Hill with the fairies, were there and no mistake, standing inside the door with the kegs still on their shoulders. The newcomers said: "Come, come home, at once." One of the first pair answered: "Wait a moment until this reel is finished." They dragged them out rather violently, however; and, of course, they would not believe but that they had been in the Hill a very short time. But when they got home and saw how their children had grown, they believed it well enough.

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Mr. Murphy told me this story, which he heard from his grandfather. Once upon a time a woman was obliged to leave her child in the house and go to attend to

some outside work. On her return the baby was crying loudly and could not be pacified. Day and night he kept up a continuous roar, until the mother became suspicious that a trick was being played on her. "Wise" people whom she consulted advised her to go to Fairy Stephen for advice in her trouble.

Now, Fairy Stephen was a man who had been taken by the fairies and had lived among them for several years; consequently, he was well versed in fairy ways. In fact, although he had been restored to his home, yet at certain times he had to return to the fairies, and when he came back he looked thin and wretched.

Stephen told the woman that she could discover whether or not a trick had been played on her by the fairies in this way. She was to take a dozen eggs, pierce them, and remove their contents; then fill the shells with water and place them before the fire. Then she was to go out of doors, secure a cudgel, and watch what the baby would do. If he tried to get out of the cradle, she was to lay on to him with the cudgel.

The woman did as she was advised. When the water in the egg-shells had almost reached the boiling point. she saw the baby rise up in the cradle, and heard him say as he glanced cautiously around: "I am one hundred years old, and I never saw so many little pots boiling with water before." The woman lost no time in using the cudgel. The more she beat him the louder he cried. In the midst of the whipping a fairy woman entered with a child in her arms. "Stop beating my child," she said. "There is your own and give me mine." The woman very gladly did so. Stephen was soundly thrashed by the fairies for his share in the exposure.

Another fairy tale has been handed down in Mr. Murphy's family for generations. A great - great - grand uncle of his went out to work in a field near the shore one day. Soon he perceived a little man seated out at a nearby headland. Curious to see what the little creature

was doing, he walked up to him and found him making a little shoe, into which he was putting the most beautiful work imaginable — work which could be done only by fairy fingers. "How I wish I could make a shoe like that!" he exclaimed. "I am not so good a shoemaker as the man behind you," answered the fairy. The man, who was versed in fairy ways, knew that the fairy wished to distract his attention in order to escape; so, instead of looking behind, he seized the shoe and made off with it. The shoe was kept in his family as a very precious heirloom. He regretted very much that he did not bring it with him to this country. He often described to his grandchildren its beautiful delicate workmanship.

CHAPTER X.

BURIED TREASURE.

In many parts of Nova Scotia it is believed that treasure lies buried. When pirates robbed ships of their gold in our waters, they landed on the coast to hide their ill-gotten spoil. Under cover of night, they would gather in a secret place. dig a hole, and deposit therein the chest or pot which held their treasure. They then drew lots among themselves to determine which should be killed and buried near the gold. The spirit of this unfortunate man was to guard the treasure. Woe betide the intruder who should rashly tread that soil, or try to dig for the wealth. Hence it became necessary for treasure-seekers to take every precaution in prosecuting their search. For the locating of the treasure they used a curiously constructed rod. A small sealed bottle containing a liquid of which mercury was one of the ingredients, was flanked on either side by long strips of whale-bone attached to it by leather thongs. The free ends of the whalebone were curved outwards so as to fit on the thumbs of the person who carried the rod. Only a man whose thumb-prints were perfectly circular could use it effectively. The rod was carried in absolute silence, with the bottle upwards. The bearer knew he was near the treasure when the bottle, of its own accord, swung down to the earth. There is no tradition of treasure having actually been discovered in this way; but there is one well-authenticated instance where a very valuable watch that was lost in a field was located by means of the rod. The ceremonial followed by the Acadians was very elaborate.

First, they discovered the presence of gold by means of the rod. Then they drew a large circle around the spot and sprinkled it liberally with holy water to drive away the evil guarding spirit, for to the minds of the honest Acadians, the soul of a pirate could be nothing else but damned. During the sprinkling they had to be careful to keep their heads respectfully bowed and their arms outstretched in the form of a cross. Then they struck the chest with a long iron rod bearing at its top a cross blessed by a priest. This rod was to remain fixed in the ground until the chest was unearthed. If this ceremonial was not strictly observed, the coveted wealth slipped away to another spot, and all their work was useless.

After this they began to dig in perfect silence. Every particle of earth that was dug up had to find place within the circle; even a twig or a bit of root could not be thrown outside it. (Information given by Mr. Henri Le Blanc, a native-born Acadian, and supported by Acadian tradition).

Among the Scotch and Irish settlers, there is no tradition of such a ceremonial, although they agreed with the Acadians in the necessity of silence, and the conducting the search after night. But they have left us some very definite stories of these nocturnal expeditions.

Mr. K———, with two other men, went to dig for gold in a little stream near Mabou, Inverness Co. After they had worked for some time they noticed a flock of birds fly over their heads. As the night was clear and moonlit they perceived, a few moments later, a group of three men up stream a short distance away. They continued for yet a little while, when the number of onlookers suddenly seemed to grow to a hundred. Terror-stricken, they took to their heels and ran across the fields to the home of Mr. K's aunt, closely followed by the phantom host. The old aunt, in her eagerness to serve them, went out to the dairy to get them some

milk; but, to her horror, she saw the phantoms now grown to a thousand.

They explained it thus: The spirit of the man who was left to guard the treasure summoned other spirits to his aid. These at first appeared in the form of birds, and later they transformed themselves into men. (Story told by Mr. K———'s son).

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It was generally believed that treasure was buried on the shore opposite Margaree Island, Inverness Co. Many people used to go digging there in the hope of unearthing the long-buried gold. One night their efforts seemed to be on the point of being rewarded, for they struck what seemed to be an iron chest. Suddenly a ship appeared near at hand, out of which came men attired as pirates, who made straight for the diggers. These took flight, and reached a place of safety before their pursuers could catch up with them. The ghostly pirates surrounded the house, even pressing their ghost-like faces up against the window panes, terrifying the refugees, until the stroke of midnight made them betake themselves once more to the spirit land. (Story told by a man who heard it from the old people who lived in the district where it happened).

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An old sailor who spent his life as a deep-sea fisherman around the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland told of a great iron chest that was buried just beneath the water, so that its outline could be seen very distinctly. Every time the crew tried to work around it and raise it up, thousands of crows, one of which was headless, would swarm around them, so that it was impossible for them to get at it. These crows they believed to be helpers of the decapitated guarding spirit.

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In some sections of the country treasure seekers were not only expected to keep silence, but they were also

not to have anything blessed on their persons during the digging. Otherwise they were losing their time, for nothing would come of it. A doctor who used to go on long trips through North Cape Breton picked up the story that follows while making his rounds. At Ingonish a digger for treasure, after a long period of hard digging in the rocky soil there, struck an iron chest, and felt that his hard work was about to be rewarded. As he paused for a moment in his work he happened to look up, and to his horror, he saw suspended by a thread, directly over his head in mid-air, a millstone revolving at the rate of a thousand turns a minute. Worse than that, the devil appeared on horseback in the air with a sword ready to cut the thread. "God save me!" he called out, and at once the whole thing disappeared, the earth filled in above the chest, so that it was impossible to locate the place the following day.

THE DIVINING ROD.

Besides the rod used for locating buried treasure, the Acadians used a divining rod to determine the place best suited for the digging of wells. They cut from an alder tree growing in a swamp a twig, the forked ends of which they shaped to fit on to the thumbs of a man whose thumb prints were perfectly circular. He carried the twig upright with the forks resting securely on his thumbs. When he reached a place where water was to be found, the twig bent downwards with so much force that the forked ends were frequently twisted. Water was often discovered in this way.

CHAPTER XI.

ATTENDANT SPIRITS.

HUGH OF THE LITTLE HEAD.

Before the Battle of Culloden, Hugh, the Chief of the MacLeans, applied for knowledge of the success of the battle to a seer, who told him that if his wife, a particularly stingy woman, would give him butter the morning of the battle without his asking for it, success would be his. Unfortunately, her stinginess got the better of her, and he had to ask for it; so he knew that his fate was sealed. In the course of the battle he was riding at the head of his men when he was struck by a battle axe, and an arm was severed completely from the body. As he fell from his horse he picked up the arm and threw it ahead of his men, saying: "In life or in death I lead the MacLeans." Since then, he attends at the death-beds of his clan. He has been known to cross the ocean to Nova Scotia, and people have heard the click, click of the loose shoe of his charger, and have even seen himself as he rode to lead away a MacLean to the other world. In proof of this the following story is told.

An old clansman in Inverness Co. was struggling in the throes of death. A watcher by his bedside, named MacDougall. who afterwards told the story, heard him say several times under his breath: "Waiting, waiting." He was so near death that they could not imagine how he was living at all. All at once, they heard a rattling outside; MacDougall looked out and saw a military man with a remarkably small head ride up to the door

on a grey horse, then tap on the window. He turned to the sick man, and found that he was dead. He had gone to follow the lead of the MacLean.

BOCHDAN GREVE.

A man named Greve, a Lowlander, left Scotland because, as was said, he committed murder there. In Scotland he was followed by a man with a gash in his throat wearing a long grey cloak and accompanied by a dog. When he landed in Halifax, N.S., he saw this individual before him whom he had left Scotland to avoid. He settled in Mull River, Inverness Co. Everybody who passed his house at night saw a man in a grey cloak standing facing the house, a dog by his side. Sometimes only the dog was visible. Hundreds saw the apparition, so that it became known popularly throughout the district as Bochdan Greve. It continued to be seen as long as Greve or any of his family lived.

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The M———'s, who emigrated from Uist, Scotland, were rather a worthless crowd, quite inferior to the other pioneer settlers in Inverness Co. Parties were given quite often at their house, at which drinking and carousing were usually indulged in. One Hallow-e'en night two men were walking from Port Hood to Mabou, a distance of ten miles. The road was, at that time, little better than a path. Shortly before they reached the M——— place they were joined by a man wearing a blue coat. (In those days men wore cloaks instead of coats). He walked in the centre, keeping step with them. All the doors and windows of the M——— house were open, and the noise of revelry could be distinctly heard. "They are having a grand time whatever," said one of the men. "That they are having," said the man in the blue cloak; "but many's the one has to suffer severely on account of their goings on. But the day will come when there will be no one here

to bear their name, and the grass will be growing over their doorstep." By this time they had passed the house, and had reached a sort of ditch across their path. The stranger was the first to make a spring over it, but as he did so his cloak opened, showing to the men behind a skeleton all on fire. He disappeared immediately. To-day the name M——— is extinct in that district, and the old house, with its gaping windows and hingeless doorways, has not even a beaten path leading to it. (Popular Tradition).

BOCHDAN (HOBGOBLIN) STORIES.

THE BEECH HILL BOCHDAN.

A short distance outside Antigonish town there is a wooded hill which in pioneer days was the scene of many strange preternatural manifestations. A road, which was very little more than a bridle path, ran through the primeval forest. As there were no stores in the country, pedlars used to go around selling goods. One of these — so tradition says — disappeared in the forest, and to this disappearance were ascribed all the strange happenings at Beech Hill.

On one occasion, a Mr. Cameron, his wife, and his wife's brother and sister, were riding from South River to Antigonish in mid-winter. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron rode on one horse, according to custom, and the other couple on another. When they got to the centre of Beech Hill woods the sun was just setting, and it was getting dark in the forest. All at once a most extraordinary company came in sight. A huge pair of oxen yoked, with heaps of non-descript piled on their backs, were headed by a shrivelled old man of very small stature, with a rope over his shoulders tied to the middle of the yoke. He strained on this rope with all his might, as if to pull the oxen along faster. But, more extraordinary still, four ordinary - sized women were following

behind wearing a peculiar head-gear, very high and unusual. Their dresses made a strange rustling noise. which especially frightened the horses. Cameron had a quiet animal, so he succeeded, although with difficulty, in getting by; but the other horse bolted into the woods. Only the strength of MacDonald, the brother-in-law, prevented himself and his sister from being thrown.

Cameron made inquiries along every road this company could possibly take, but no trace of them could be found. Nor was anything like them ever seen again. (Story told by Mr. Cameron's grandson).

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On another occasion a big man named Donald, who was famous for his strength, set out to walk from Antigonish to South River over Beech Hill. Night was coming on as he reached the woods, so he was very glad to see a man dressed in grey walking ahead of him on the road. He quickened his pace to have his company; but, if he did, the grey man did also, and kept a provokingly long stretch ahead. There was a loop in the road, so Donald determined to catch up by going straight through the woods and thus cutting out a considerable distance. When he again reached the road, he looked back and saw that he had accomplished his purpose. The grey man then took to the woods, with Donald in hot pursuit. As the latter reached the opening in the forest through which the grey man had disappeared he heard moaning. On proceeding further, he saw the man lying under a tree; but his face was so horrible that he took to his heels and never stopped until the woods was left far behind.

It was not only at nightfall that strange things happened at Beech Hill. One fine Saturday morning, two brothers named MacDonald went out there to cut wood. They were not men who were over-credulous or easily scared. They had not been working long when they heard a noise like that of chains rattling, and perceived a dread-

ful odor. Then, something that they likened to a coffin—bigger at one end than at the other—rose before them and sailed through the air. At this, these hardy men got so frightened that they left their work and made for home. (Story told by their niece, who had it from themselves).

Later on, when Bishop Fraser was doing parish work in these parts, with headquarters at Antigonish, he had as assistant Father John Grant, a very powerful man. One Saturday evening the Bishop said to Father Grant: "You had better have Mass at St Andrew's to-morrow." Father Grant said: "All right. I'll go there this evening." The Bishop advised him to wait till morning as the road through the forest was said to be haunted. But the priest said he was not afraid, and so he set out about dusk.

Some hours later he returned on the gallop, hatless, and he and his horse looked muddy and bedraggled. All he would say was that if the red horse could speak he would tell a weird tale about that night's doings. So it was presumed that Father Grant had had an interview with the Bóchdan. Some curious people went out to Beech Hill the next day, and at one spot the earth was torn up and covered with the marks of a horse's hoofs. In any case, tradition has it, that ever afterwards the forest was free from its terrifying dwellers.

THE MEADOW GREEN BOCHDAN.

In another part of Antigonish Co. there is a beautiful tract of fertile land called the Meadow Green, which extends as far as a forest that bears the ominous title, Dagger Woods. All through this district, and even through the woods, preternatural disturbances occurred many years ago. The usual manifestation was in the form of cries. A cry was first heard in the distance; then nearer, and consequently louder; and then just at hand. The last time this was heard was not so many years ago.

A man and his sister were driving through the Dagger woods, when they spoke one to the other of the Bóchdan. Scarcely had they mentioned it when a cry was heard away off towards Meadow Green. To this cry they paid no attention; but a second one nearer made them more anxious; a third, within a few yards, terrified them. It was a human cry, but a hundred voices could not produce its volume.

Another time sixty years ago this same man's father was going through the Dagger Woods when he heard the cry in the distance; then nearer; then right in the drain by the roadside. It was so terrifying that his horse fell down and poured sweat. Many others heard these cries and were frightened by them.

In this same district, on a road between St. Andrew's and Heatherton, there is a salt water spring around which strange sights were seen. A man living near by saw several times a barrel floating in the air, with something like fire coming from either end of it. He would be a brave man who would pass this spring at night. Near the spring is an old road, on which, not far from the present one. quite a number of times an old man was seen dressed in grey, but no one had enough courage to speak to him. One man, with a courage born of a few glasses of liquor, declared that he would lay the ghost. A number of people went with him to the edge of Meadow Green, and he went forward alone some distance. He heard the cries, and presently saw a big pot turned upside down tipping towards him. He did not wait to see more, but turned and fled with great speed towards his friends. (These stories I took down from the dictation of a near relative of the people concerned, who had them from themselves).

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In Inverness Co., Mr. B——— was going along a lonely road one fine night, when just at a turn in the road he saw a gigantic horse barring the way. Although very much frightened, he managed to get by. Some time later

he was going over the same road in daylight with a friend of his. When they arrived at the spot where he had seen the horse, his friend turned to him and said: "I got the fright of my life here one night." He went on to describe the very same horse that Mr. B——— had seen. (Story told by Mr. B———'s daughter).

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Dougall. the hero of this story, when seventy-six years old was still smart and active. One fine afternoon he went with two horses and a truck-waggon to a neighboring village fourteen miles away. On his way back home he had to pass a spot where "ugly things" were reported to have been heard, and even seen. But these little ghost stories were merely detached, unauthenticated rumors, yet they were very persistent. But Dougall never saw anything preternatural in his life. On his return home, then, about an hour and a half of the night had overtaken him before he reached the spot. When coming to the place, the tired horses were walking slowly; Donald was up on top of the truck-waggon on an improvised seat, holding the reins somewhat loosely, his head bent a little. When he reached the spot the horses stopped suddenly, planted their eight legs under them, and raised their heads in great terror and excitement. At this moment Dougall was lifted off his seat, as it were, by a gust of wind, or rather by air that was not wind, and planted down under the legs of the horses; but the horses did not move in the least. He exclaimed: "A Dhia, sabhaill m'anam!" (God save my soul!). He regained his seat as quickly as possible and took the reins. The horses then started on the dead gallop. He had all he could do to keep the waggon from upsetting. And on the dead gallop they kept until they came to Dougall's own gate. (The man who gave me this story said that he could vouch for it. He wrote: "Dougall, who was a most truthful man, told me every word of it in his own house").

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Lake Ainslie in Inverness County, Cape Breton, carries its blue waters for thirteen miles through a bonny highland glen. emptying by means of the world-famous Margaree River into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Reached from Whycocomagh

Seventy years ago there was no priest stationed at Margaree, Inverness Co., and people had to depend for their spiritual needs on a priest from Quebec, for the settlement was largely French. Among them was a man very much addicted to strong drink, who at last was found dead out in the open fields as a result of a serious drunk. These French, who were very scrupulous with regard to Christian burial, refused to put the body in consecrated ground, and buried it instead on an island, just opposite Bóchdan Brook, on the mainland.

Soon "ugly noises" began to be heard from the island, and a man who was famed for Second Sight used to "see things" at Bóchdan Brook. One Christmas night as this man, whose name I am not permitted to divulge, was crossing the road by this brook, he was attacked by a wicked Bóchdan, and they wrestled until morning, the man losing one of his braces in the encounter. But all this time he refrained from speaking to his assailant, for the Bóchdan could not speak unless addressed. At last a priest came to the place. He, too, heard the noises around the island, so he determined to investigate. Not a soul could he get to go with him, so he went alone. Nobody knows whether he saw anything or not; but he blessed the grave of the poor outcast, and advised the people to do for his soul what they were accustomed to do for others. After this the noises ceased; nor was anything more seen or heard at the Bóchdan Brook which still bears its sinister name. (Popular tradition).

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At Sight Point, Cape Breton, there is another Bóchdan Brook where horses used to be very much frightened. The valley, through which the brook flows, is walled in by high mountains, making the place very secluded and very lonely. Through an opening in the mountains a road runs, and the brook is bridged at this point. On one occasion a young boy was walking over this road at night. When he reached the bridge, a huge, hairy dog

attacked him. This monster rapidly transformed itself into a long, lean hound, from which he had the greatest difficulty to escape.

Later, two men on horseback met at the same spot a big dog which transformed itself into a foal two months old, and terrified them beyond words.

Some time after these manifestations, serious disputes arose over a school house built on this spot, which bade fair to end disastrously. Finally, the matter went into the courts, and the site of the building had to be changed. Everyone concerned, believed that the Bóchdan seen there were warnings against this wrangling and quarrelling. (Popular Tradition).

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

If you have never heard of the Phantom Ship that appears periodically off the coast of Port Hood, you cannot have been long in Cape Breton, for the appearance of this phantom is so well authenticated that the whole countryside knows about it, and many have seen it. The last time the ship was seen before this writing was in November, 1929. A truthworthy witness of the prodigy tells the story.

" The evening was calm. The short-lived November sun had trailed a path of glory across the broad bosom of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and had gone down in splendor beneath the waters. The long beam from the revolving light on Port Hood Island grew gradually in brilliance as darkness settled down over the sea. The whiteness of the houses on the islands became as indistinct as the greyness of the barns, and soon only a dark outline against the sky marked where the islands stood. Lights twinkled here and there along the shore. The honk of a passing automobile alone broke the stillness, as night enveloped the little town in quiet peace. I retired to rest with the breeze from the sea fanning my face.

"I wakened suddenly. The wind had risen and I was

uncomfortably cold. I arose to close the window — when, lo! out on the Gulf was a full-rigged ship burning furiously. I stood amazed. Stories I had heard of the phantom ship flashed across my mind. As I watched, I saw the flaming sails drop from the ropes, and then the ropes themselves part from the fiery spars. Soon the masts, too, went down in a shower of sparks, and the lonely fire-filled hull drifted into the night and disappeared.

"How long I had watched I know not; but a clock somewhere in the house struck midnight, as, chilled to the bone, I turned from the window, my mind filled with questions."

CHAPTER XII.

MERMAIDS.

Mermaids were believed to be water nymphs who lived in beautiful palaces under the sea. They were frequently seen combing their hair on the crest of the waves. One mermaid was reported to have remained three days off the Cape Breton coast, a short distance from the shore. Apart from this one incident, I have not found any other story of their actually having been seen in Nova Scotia. But I took from Mary MacDonald's dictation a tale of a mermaid which she heard when she was a little girl. Unfortunately, she could not tell me whether or not its setting was local.

An elderly man was one day walking on the beach near his home when he saw a mermaid arise from the water, holding in her hand a very beautiful shell. He kept beckoning to her to come nearer, until she came right up to the shore. He asked her for the shell she was carrying, but she refused, saying that she could not go back to the water without it. With that, he seized the shell and set out for his house. She followed pleading piteously for her treasure, but he would not give it to her. When they reached the house she had to stay there, for he took the precaution of burying the shell in a secret place.

Some time afterwards she married the old man's son. Although she tried to be happy, she always longed for her home under the sea. To her children she told all about its beauties and its wonders.

One day the children were playing in the hay mow. They dug their way down to the bottom, and there they

discovered something very beautiful. They went to the house and fairly dragged their mother to the barn to see their find. She recognized her shell, and told them that she could stay with them no longer, for she was going to the beautiful home under the sea, of which she had told them so often. They went with her to the shore, where they saw a thousand mermaids rejoicing at her coming, and beckoning her on. The children began to weep at the thought of losing their mother. She covered her face with her hair so as not to see their tears, told them to tell their father and grandfather, who were away fishing, that she had gone home and they would never see her again, then she plunged into the sea and joined her companions. All disappeared into the ocean.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEVIL IN FOLK-LORE.

The old people believed that the devil often assumed a bodily shape, sometimes that of a man, oftener that of an animal, in order to do his work more effectively. There are many stories to illustrate this belief.

A big wedding took place many years ago at Arisaig, Antigonish County. Although on such an occasion the whiskey jar was usually guarded by a very trustworthy man, yet this time the post of honor seems to have been unworthily filled, and the crowd particularly thirsty. In any case, in a short time quarrelling and disputes among the men gave evidence of coming trouble. One old man, who had the "Second Sight," was soon busy warning the women folk and every man who would heed him to leave the place as quickly as possible. He told them that he could see a huge dog under one of the benches whose breath was going like steam throughout the whole room. The women succeeded pretty well in inducing their husbands and sons to go home with them. Those who stayed fought so fiercely that bloodshed was narrowly averted. (Popular tradition).

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Another time there was a masquerade ball at Antigonish. A young girl who was present saw a big serpent wheeling around the room with the dancers. She got such a fright that she fainted. Ever afterwards masquerade balls were forbidden there. (Popular tradition).

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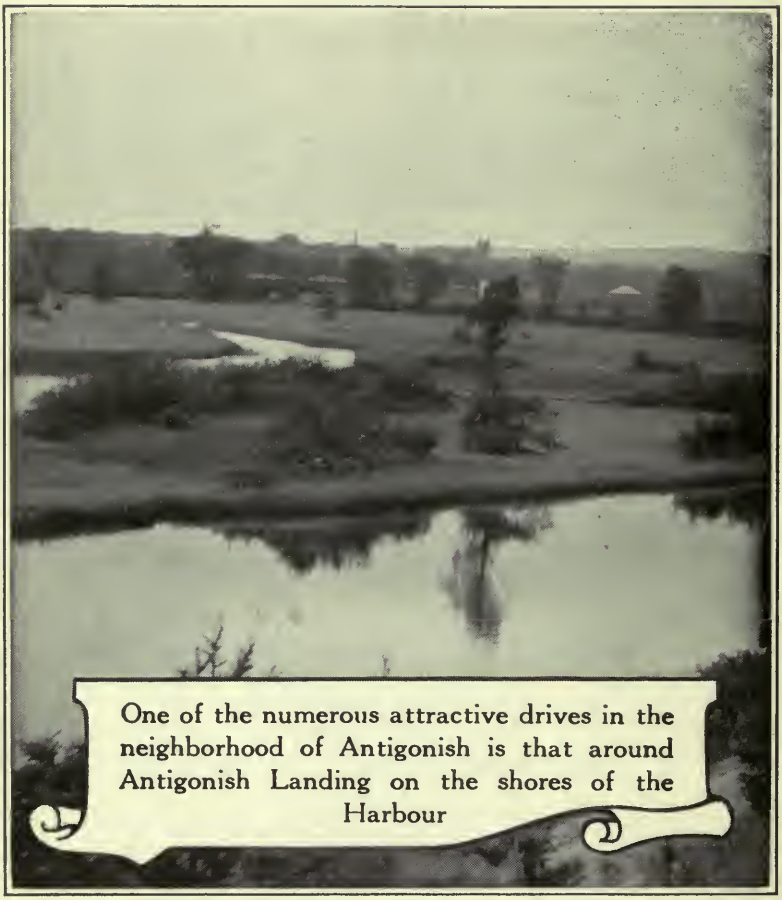
At Antigonish Harbor, there lived a man who was a confirmed drunkard. On one occasion he set out for the



One of the numerous attractive drives in the neighborhood of Antigonish is that around Antigonish Landing on the shores of the Harbour

town of Antigonish accompanied by Dan Mac———. As the roads were then but bridle paths, they went on horseback along the sunny reaches of the Harbor; up the long hills, from whose summits a glint of water in the distance revealed the presence of lake or stream; down the steep, treacherous North River Hill, amid whose rough tree-clad slopes ghosts loved to wander when night closed in; through the level stretches around the Landing; then up the long slope of Mt. Cameron, until the quiet little town of Antigonish appeared at their feet like a jewel, in its circlet of wooded hills. They went down the hill into the town, where they parted with the promise of meeting in the afternoon to go home together.

At home, the day passed and night was coming on, yet they had not returned. As hour slipped into hour, Dan's mother got very uneasy. Something must have happened to them. The horses might be frightened by "things" on North River hill — then there was Paddy's Hollow, where they said more than one strange sight was seen, and it was very near the burying ground besides. At last she could stand it no longer — so she sent her nephew, Alex Mac————, to meet them.

Alex. found Dan having a dreadful time to keep his companion on his horse. Between them they managed to get him along safely. They did not want to bring the unfortunate man home to his widowed mother, so they decided to bring him to Alex's home. Before they reached there, they noticed a big black dog following them. They tried to drive it away, but could not.

When they reached Alex's home, they got the drunken man in by the back door, taking care to close it against the dog; smuggled him up the back stairs, so that Alex's father, who was very much opposed to liquor, would not hear them, and got him into bed. What was their horror to see that, notwithstanding their precautions, the big black dog had passed through the closed doors. Up stairs he came, making for the room where the man lay.

But in a room at the head of the stairs, Alex's two little sisters were sleeping, and the dog could not pass their door.

All night that dog went up and down stairs, and Alex. knelt at the bed-side of the drunken man and prayed that he might be spared, for death seemed imminent. His prayer was heard. In the morning the dog disappeared and the man came to his senses. His friends told him of the terrible night they had spent and of the great danger he had run. He was so much affected thereby that he reformed completely and died a good death some years later. (Story told by the niece of Alex, Mac——. He himself told it to her).

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Father Dougall Cameron was called to the bed-side of a dying man. On the way there, he was met by a man who told him that it was useless for him to go further as the sick man was already dead. As he did not know the stranger, he continued on his way, determined to reach the house in any case. He had not gone far when the same person encountered him, and did all he could to prevent the priest from getting to the place. More determined than ever, Father Cameron went on. When he got to the house he found the sick man still living. He prepared him for death. When he told of his strange encounter, everyone was convinced that it was the "Father of Lies" himself who attempted to keep the priest away. (Story told by Father Cameron's brother).

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Father Alex. MacLeod was going on a sick call on horseback. When he reached a certain lonely place on the road his horse refused to go on. It trembled with apparent terror, and could not be coaxed nor driven further. At last, men who had been sent out to meet the priest arrived, and led the animal past whatever frightened it. The priest never got over the fright he got.

The nervous shock brought on St. Vitus' dance. (Family tradition).

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Hugh N———'s dying eyes were looking their last on the beauty surrounding his home on Mabou Mountain. The last sun that he was destined to see was already low in the west, flooding with its golden light the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. His peace had been made with God, and he was ready for the dread summons.

As was customary, two of the neighbors, Mr. B——— and Mr. MacD———, climbed to the top of the steep hill to spend the night at the bedside of their dying friend. As they reached the house, they stood in admiration of the grandeur of the scenery. The subtle odors of the wood came to them from every side. The regal splendor of autumn crowned all the neighboring hills, and the water of the Gulf, as if desirous of their beauty, had crept up as far as it dared to catch in its mirrored surface their flaming glory. A lone steamer was trailing its tail of smoke over the clean face of the water, making for the quiet haven by the bridge up the river. The two men gazed in silence; they needed no words to express their feeling for nature's beauty. With solemn mien they at last entered the house and took up their vigil.

Slowly the hours ticked away. The breathing of the dying man became ever more and more labored. Suddenly, he sat up in bed and cried: "Get me a priest; all the sins of my life are here before me." Now, the nearest priest was several miles away, so the two men volunteered to go on horseback to get him.

The road ran through the woods, and was dark and dangerous at best. But, do what they would, neither man could keep his horse on the road; at every attempt to do so the horses would shy and bolt into the woods. The whole distance, then, had to be covered by painfully picking a footing through the underbrush.

On their return with the priest, the same thing happened. The horses were evidently frightened by something that their riders could not see. The priest began to pray; then he struck with his whip, and said: "Begone, Satan!" There followed what seemed to be an explosion, accompanied by an odor so terrible that Mr. B——— said he would remember it to his dying day. " You dirty beast," said the priest. "Did you think you were going to keep me from that soul?"

There was no further trouble with the horses. The priest reached the sick man in time to administer the Last Sacraments. (Story told by Mr. B———'s daughter, who often heard her father tell this experience).

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It was believed that when the devil assumed the form of a man he still retained his hoofs. These stories are somewhat similar to those of the kelpies that come from the old country.

A number of young men were playing cards at a house in Cregnish, Inverness Co. They were noisy and quarrelsome. In the midst of their disputing a fine-looking, well dressed young man entered, and took his place at the card table on the side of the losers in the game. These soon began to gain, much to the discontent of the other side. At last one dropped a card. When he bent down to get it, he perceived, to his dismay, that the stranger had hoofs. The individual, on being thus discovered, disappeared in a ball of fire, and the terror-stricken card players were forcibly brought to their senses. (Popular tradition).

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A young woman in another part of Cape Breton was anxious to go to a dance, but she did not consider that the shoes she had were suitable. She kept wishing that she might get a new pair, but did not see how she was going to manage it. One day, a fine-looking young

man came to the door and handed the girl a parcel, telling her that it contained dancing shoes. She remained talking to him for some time, and found him very much to her taste. In the course of the conversation she let her handkerchief drop, and as she stooped to pick it up she fainted away. horror-stricken to see hoofs on her charming benefactor. When she came to herself he had disappeared. She lost no time in committing to the flames the parcel containing the shoes. (Popular tradition).

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Mary MacInnis, an elderly woman, told a story that was current in her youth in East Bay, Cape Breton Co., and thereabout. One night a man was walking to his home a long distance away. As he was very tired, he earnestly wished to have a horse, but his wishing was not done in the right way, for he used strong language as he talked to himself.

At a turn in the road, a fine white horse appeared in answer to his wish. He determined to mount it, but before doing so he picked up a stick from the side of the road to use on the animal should it become balky.

The horse went on at a satisfactory trot for some time, then it began to slow up. The man hit it with his stick. The horse resounded to the blow just as if iron had been struck; then it grew and grew, getting nearer and nearer to the sky. The man on its back was terrified. He saw that his only chance of escape was to jump off. He did so and fell heavily, breaking some of his bones. The horse went off into space in flames.

How the Big Rock Got Into the Gulch at Boularderie.

A man was walking to his home on Boularderie Island one fine night when he met at a bad bridge over a gulch a very affable man. who entered into conversation with him. As he was in a hurry to get home, he shook hands with the stranger and said good-night; but the latter insisted on walking on with him. When they came quite

near the first man's house the stranger said: "Promise that you will meet me to-morrow night at the same bridge alone." "That I will," said the man, and they parted. By the time the man reached his house he began to feel that there was something uncanny about this stranger, and that he had done wrong in promising to meet him the next night. In his anxiety, he determined to get the advice of his parish priest at Boisdale; so he got a friend to go with him, and they rowed across to the mainland. The priest told him that he would have to keep his promise, but to take with him several trusty men, whom he was to leave at the house just near the bridge. Then he should go alone to the place, stay only a few minutes, and hurry back to his companions.

The next night the man went with his companions as he had been advised. Leaving them at the neighboring house, he went alone to keep his promise. It was a gloomy place. The bridge spanned a deep, dark gulch, and a cliff loomed ominously above him. To his joy, there was no one waiting for him on the bridge; so he hastened as fast as he could back to the house.

He was not very long there, when a man came on horseback to the door and asked for him. So powerful did the call seem, that if his friends did not hold him back by force, and reason with him, he would have gone. For hours the rider kept racing around the house, stopping every little while at the door to demand his man. But, thanks to the faithful friends, the demands went unanswered. At last he rode away with terrible noise and uproar. In the morning the cliff overhanging the gulch was found torn up, and in the bottom of the gulch, where it can still be seen, was a huge rock, which had been hurled from the side of the cliff. (Popular tradition).

CHAPTER XIV.

LEGENDS. MAINLY RELIGIOUS.

Christmas.—A legend, traditional among the Acadians, asserts that not only did the dumb animals kneel in their stalls on Christmas night, but that they also spoke among themselves. The "wise people" forbade anyone to go to the stable to verify this tradition, for the rash individual who would venture to do so was certain to die during the coming year. However, one Christmas night an old school-master who gloried in a certain knowledge of Latin, and who could not be deceived very easily, determined to test its truth. He went into the stable quite boldly, but his bravado did not continue long. Lo and behold! on the stroke of midnight the cock in a soprano voice sang: "Christus natus est; Christus natus est!" The ox in a baritone voice began asking, also in Latin: "Ubi? Ubi? Ubi?" a question to which the ass replied in a basso profundo voice: "Bethlehem! Bethlehem!"

The schoolmaster nearly died on the spot with fear. The legend does not relate whether or not he had to pay the penalty of his rashness; but this part of the legend was verified in the case of a Nova Scotia Highlander, who evidently was also skeptical about the tradition. This latter went to the barn shortly before midnight on Christmas night, and took care that the horses would not see him. On the stroke of midnight. his two horses began to speak of the heavy load they would have to carry in two days' time, when they would have to bear their good, kind master to his grave. They expressed

their regret in no uncertain terms. Two days later their master died. (Popular tradition).

It was believed that the power of speech was taken from the animals because they carried so much harmful gossip.

On Christmas night every window in the house had its lighted candle to light Our Blessed Lady on her way to Bethlehem. The old people would not use for this purpose candles that they bought; they did not consider them worthy; so they made their own in molds for that occasion.

Saturday.—It was piously believed that on Saturday night Our Lady visited every kitchen in the land; consequently, good housewives were very careful that everything was "spic and span" about their kitchens in anticipation of this visit.

It was believed that even if it rained all the rest of the week, the sun was sure to come out on Saturday, were it only for a few minutes in honor of Our Blessed Lady.

All Souls' Day.—Christian and pagan elements seem to combine in the practices of this day. The fact that every window was lighted with candles savors of the pagan illumination of houses on the feast of the dead, to light the shades on their return to their own home, and back again to the land of the dead. On this day the old people used to carry, personally, food to their poorer neighbors. There seems to be something quite pagan about the injunctions given and carried out by careful housewives on All Souls' Night not to throw water out of doors for fear of harming the spirits who might be roaming about. (Popular tradition).

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May Day.—It is a custom among Catholic farmers to sprinkle their cattle with holy water early in the morning of this day. In one district at least in Cape Breton, in addi-

tion to this usual sprinkling, the hair on the backs of the animal is singed with the flame of a blessed candle. These ceremonies are performed to avert the influence of the Evil Eye. This seems to be a very ancient practice which has been Christianized; for among the Druids, May Day was one of the two great festivals of the year.

The faith of the Acadians in the Blessed Virgin led them to believe that the snow which fell during the month of May had miraculous power. So they carefully collected it. and when it was melted they filtered and bottled it for future use. This water they applied to sores, cuts, bruises, sore throats, ears, etc. — in fact it was a heal-all. This May snow-water was also used as a substitute for holy water, since after the expulsion of the Acadians, the few who remained were without the ministrations of a priest, and their own faith had to supply all that was lacking on this account.

Throughout Nova Scotia generally, the snow or rain that falls on May Day is piously considered a cure for sore eyes.

In Pomquet, Antigonish Co., the Acadians secured May water in a different fashion. Before sunrise on May Day, they went to a brook with a bucket, the mouth of which they had to place in the direction in which the water was flowing. When the bucket was full, they carried it home, sprinkled the feed of the cattle with the water, and bottled the remainder for future use. The water thus collected kept fresh for years. (Popular Tradition.)

Hallowe'en.—The Druidical feast of Samh'in, the second great event of their year, was coincident with Hallowe'en. On this day they kindled the sacred fire and discharged judicial functions with which superstitious usages for divining the future were intermingled. (i) It is probably to these usages that we owe the numerous practices so much enjoyed on this day, such, for instance, as the eat-

(i) Age of Fable, by Hale.

ing of a salt cake before retiring, in the hope that one's future husband might appear, with a glass of water, to the thirsty dreamer.

According to popular tradition, Hallowe'en was the only day in the year on which Satan was unchained and allowed to roam about at will, as the story that follows will show.

In Inverness Co. there were two old bachelors named MacD——, who had a queer old maid for housekeeper. She had had a reputation for stealing, but before coming to them she had reformed. After some time, however, the MacD's, who were merchants, began to miss articles from their store; then things from the home began to go. Blame was naturally placed on the old woman. Rory, the elder of the brothers, dismissed her and forbade her to put foot on his premises again. She was highly indignant, but her wrath knew no bounds when the story began to follow her around the country. One day, notwithstanding the prohibition, she appeared before Rory and demanded a certificate of character. "You hadn't any when you came to us, so go and get it where you lost it," he said. She brought action against him for defamation of character, and succeeded in getting two magistrates, who were glad to have a fling at Rory, to take up the case. Rather than let the matter go into the courts, Rory paid two hundred dollars, twenty of which the old woman received, and the rest the magistrates divided between themselves.

Soon the two magistrates and the old woman went to the "reward" of their ill-spent lives. The Hallowe'en after their death, Rory had retired to rest, when he heard very fine dance music being played on a violin outside. He got up, raised the blind and looked out. He could not believe his eyes. High in an apple tree sat "the old boy" himself playing the fiddle as hard as he could, and down on the green sward were the two magistrates, the old woman and another female of like character, dancing a four-hand reel. "Get off my premises," shouted Rory. The next instant there was nothing but the shadow of the trees on the moonlit grass, nothing but the bare branches on the apple-tree.

WHY SKUNKS AND PORCUPINES HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON.

After the taking of Louisburg by the English, soldiers came upon a French missionary priest near Fort Toulouse (now St. Peter's) and began questioning him about the movement of the French troops. As he refused to give them any information, they cast him into a hut with a skunk and a porcupine. Here, after untold torture from these animals, he gave up his life. From that day to this no skunk nor porcupine is found on the island of Cape Breton, although they are numerous on the peninsula of Nova Scotia, scarcely a mile away.

Another more popular version of this legend makes the Indians, not the English soldiers, the perpetrators of this crime.

This legend also accounts for the belief which grew up among the people, that no man from Cape Breton could become a priest. In the early days many tried; but in every case, sickness or some other serious reason prevented them from finishing their seminary training. After many years, as the old people would say, "the spell was broken," and a young man named MacIsaac, became Cape Breton's first native priest. Since then, there has been a steady stream of vocations to the sacred ministry from this island.

WHY THERE IS A BLACK STREAK ON THE BACK OF THE HADDOCK.

A man was out fishing haddock and caught one between his fingers, but as it was very slippery, it began to elude his grasp. When he felt he could hold it no longer he said, "May the devil take you!" As it slipped away, his finger slid along its back leaving, to his surprise, a black mark. Since then, every haddock wears the devil's mark on its back. Another version of this story makes the devil the fisherman.

The haddock has two other black marks on either side of its gills, to which the Acadians ascribe this origin. The

haddock had the honor of supplying our Lord with the coin of the tribute. The black marks are those made by St. Peter's fingers when he opened the fish's mouth. Of course the haddock, a salt water fish, is not to be found in the fresh water Sea of Galilee. But a fish is found there which bears a mark, and local tradition makes it St. Peter's fish.

CHAPTER XV.

WEATHER LORE.

To the early settlers, the severity of the winter season was a great trial. Preparations had to be made to meet its requirements long in advance. It was then that the Indian's skill in forecasting became useful. If the fur on the animals was thick and heavy, if the squirrel's supply of nuts was copious, if the bark on the trees was thicker than usual, they might prepare for an unusually hard winter. The second of February was regarded as a turning point in the season, and sun on that day was not hailed with delight. The Indian wise saw, "if the bear can see his shadow on February second, he goes back to sleep again," is matched by the Scot's:

"If Candlemas day be fine and fair,
The half of the winter's to come an' mair."

When this happened they consoled themselves by "St. Patrick's will bring the fine weather whatever."

Among the fisher folk the forecasting of wind storms was very important. These predictions usually took the form of verses such as:

"Mackerel skies and mare's tails,
Make lofty ships carry low sails."

"A rainbow in the morning the sailor's warning,
A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight."

"Heavy winds kick up a rain."

An Acadian boy would not dare to kill a toad or a spider, for his outdoor pleasure would then be spoiled by the downpour of rain that was sure to follow. A boy of Scotch or Irish descent would be deterred from doing so because it would bring him bad luck.

"If you wish to live, not die,
Let the spider go alive."

People regarded the meeting of a crowd of women as a sure indication that a storm was near at hand. This may be a survival of the old Celtic Myth of Cailleach Bheur (The Winter Hag), a giant woman who brought the storms of winter. The myth came originally from Norway, but Celtic imagination turned it into an illustrated calendar for the Gaelic peoples. (Myth, Tradition and Story from Western Argyll, by K. W. Grant.) The Highland pioneers brought with them to Nova Scotia all the weather lore of this myth; for example, from the middle of January to the middle of February was the wolf month, when the Cailleach, alarmed at signs of the revival of nature, summoned to her aid wolflings, or wolf-storms; the first three days of the third week of February were called "shark-toothed," bitter stinging east winds; then followed three days of "plover winged," swift, fitful, blasts of rain — bringing winds that killed sheep and lambs; and so on through March. Great was their joy at the vernal equinox to realize that the vicious Cailleach had at last "thrown her mallet under the holly."

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It was commonly believed that the weather on each of the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany indicated what might be expected of the corresponding twelve months of the year. Consequently a weather calendar was drawn up on this basis, the early hours of December 26th, for example, indicating the weather for the early part of January, as its later hours would prove what the close of the month would be like. A favorite maxim in

weather lore was "the worst of the winter falls always between the two chairs." (Feasts of St. Peter's Chair at Rome and at Antioch.)

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The Indians, who live at the present time along the Bras d'Or Lakes, always know that a storm is coming when they see a phantom Indian paddling his canoe up the lakes. During the year 1928, a very old Indian, who was both deaf and blind, warned his kinsmen to prepare for a big storm. He told them to go into the woods and build a wigwam in the thickets, and raise it some feet above the ground, for there would be heavy rains and violent winds. Two months afer the warning was given, the wigwam was ready, and the old man advised his family to migrate there immediately. That same night, one of the most destructive storms in our history swept over Nova Scotia, uprooting trees, carrying away bridges, unroofing buildings. But the old Indian and his family were safe. How the old, infirm man knew of the approach of the storm, is a mystery which went to the grave with him a few weeks later. (Story told by a man who lived quite near the Indian Reserve, and who had it from themselves.)

CHAPTER XVI.

CUSTOMS OBSERVED AT MARRIAGES, BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

THE IDIOT BOY.

Mrs. MacMullan, a wonderfully strong, able-bodied woman, came out from Scotland and settled at the rear of East Bay, with her only child, an idiot boy. She had left behind her in the old country among other household effects, a set of horn spoons that she prized very highly, but never expected to see again.

The idiot boy formed the habit of leaving the house every evening at nightfall. He would go out even into the teeth of the storm, and would not return until daylight. His mother never knew where he was, nor did the neighbors. But one morning he returned to the house bringing one of his mother's much prized horn spoons. A little later, he brought another, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, until all the spoons were returned to her. His mother and the neighbors believed that on account of his idiocy, he had the power of travelling through the air, and that in his nightly disappearances, he had crossed the seas, and brought back his mother's treasures.

Angus MacDonald, a venerable old man, who told this story, knew Mrs. MacMullan and her idiot son, and also saw the spoons. He even attended the woman's funeral, which was held with all the customs peculiar to these early days. While he was thinking them over, his wife went to the organ, and after a little shuffling with the keys, played by ear an old tune that had, she said, been learned many years ago, by some one in the Isle of Skye, from music

heard in the air. By the time she had played it over twice, the far-away expression in Mr. MacDonald's eyes showed that he had gone back to the long ago, and was ready with his memories of

AN OLD-TIME WAKE.

A death had its own special ceremonial, which was carried out in its minutest details. In the best room in the house, a high stand was built of boards for the reception of the body. This stand was draped with sheets, as was also the adjoining wall. The body was then "laid out on the boards," with a small plate of salt placed on the chest. The mourners were not allowed to do anything. The neighbors came in and took charge of everything. The wake lasted for two, and sometimes for three nights, and was attended by all the people of the neighborhood and far beyond it. All the men and the boys spent the early part of the evening out of doors playing quoits. The women stayed inside and took charge of the cooking and the general preparations for the supper. At eight o'clock supper was served to everyone present. The best that could be procured was set before the company. The guests succeeded one another at table after table until all were served.

When supper was over, usually about eleven o'clock, all assmbled in the death chamber for the recitation of prayers. On entering the room, one was struck by the sight of plates of tobacco and pipes set along the boards near the corpse, so that any man who wanted to smoke was free to help himself.

After the prayers, which were quite lengthy, most of the company left for home. Chosen friends of the family, mostly men, remained all night. For them a lunch was prepared. They spent the time telling fables. If a song or a tune came into any of these fables, they did not hesitate to sing it.

All during the day, lunch was served to everyone who went to the house. It would be very discourteous for any-

one to leave without eating. In fact, one trusty friend was charged with the office of seeing that no one overlooked this point, for it was believed that every bite that was served during the wake went towards the release of the soul if it were suffering in Purgatory.

On the day of the funeral, the coffin was placed on the shoulders of six able-bodied men. It was considered an act of disrespect towards the dead to have a horse convey the remains to their last resing place. If the distance to the graveyard was considerable, these men were relieved by others along the route. A piper went in advance of the coffin, playing a lament; appointed wailers followed, wailing out the praises of the dead. Behind these, came a man carrying a jar of liquor; then the rest of the procession. Before they left the graveyard, food and liquor were passed to all present.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Mrs. Campbell, who was wedded with all the old customs, was glad to recall the dignified ceremonial of the "good old times."

There was first the "matchmaking." Although a private understanding existed between the young man and his prospective bride and her parents, yet that was not considered sufficient. The young man brought his father or some very dear elderly friend to ask the girl's parents for the hand of their daughter. Then the next Friday after this demand, the relatives and friends of the couple assembled at the home of the prospective bride. Here the young man, in the presence of these friends, asked the girl's father formally for his bride, and the father gave his consent. A big supper and dance followed this ceremony.

During the next ten days, preparations were made for the coming event; invitations were issued and the banns published.

The marriage generally took place on a Tuesday. The horses that took the bridal party to the church were decor-

ated with flowers and ribbons. The bride went with the groomsman, the bridesmaid with the groom. As they left the bride's home, shots were fired and this was kept up at intervals along the route.

The marriage ceremony was followed by two big weddings, one at the home of the bride, the other at that of the groom. The groom had the privilege of inviting friends to both weddings. The ceremonial for both weddings was in the main the same. The bride and bridesmaid dressed in white with colored sashes, and wore pretty caps with colored ribbon streamers. The bride put on her matron's cap that night never to leave it off; the bridesmaid gave hers to the bride as a souvenir.

The bridal party formed in a room adjoining that in which the dancing took place. With the bride leading, they marched into the dance room for the first reel. The violinist, always a picked man, played something very pretty, if possible some tune bearing the bride's name. Sometimes, however, it happened that the violinist had a grudge against the groom; then he played an ugly tune.

After the first reel was finished, the nearest relatives of the bridal pair—their parents, if they were still active, for it required a good deal of suppleness to dance a four-hand reel—danced the second reel. It was only after this privileged dance that the rest of the company had their turn.

A steward was appointed to guard the traditional keg of whiskey. It was regarded as a real mark of honor to be chosen for this responsible position.

After the dancing had continued for some time, a great banquet was served. At the bride's table, besides the bridal party, were the nearest relatives of the young people. It was regarded as a great slight for a relative to be overlooked. The bride poured liquor from a decanter, and chosen persons passed it around. Toasts were proposed, and drunk in good "Old Scotch."

After midnight, the bride and groom were accompanied to their bridal chamber by their parents, nearest kinsfolk, the bridesmaid and groomsman. There they were duly in-

stalled. The groom's mother was the last to leave the room. If she were not present, it was the bride's mother who remained last with the young couple. After a short period of seclusion, the bride found her bridesmaid again. They changed their white dresses for colored ones with white sashes and white streamers from their caps. The bride put away her white dress, which she never wore again. When the bridal party reappeared, they were greeted either by bag-pipe music, or by singing; then they danced another reel. During this reel, and also during the first reel they danced, shots were fired.

In the early morning hours, breakfast was served. Dancing was kept up until broad daylight, when the guests took their departure. As the first violinist came to make his adieus, the bride took off her sash and trimmed his violin with it; the bridesmaid did likewise for the second violinist.

The bridesmaid remained with the bride for some days after the marriage. The bride was treated with the greatest reverence. It was considered a privilege to dance with her. She conducted herself with the greatest decorum, and would never do anything to compromise her dignity. Her dowry was given in cattle, sheep, bedclothes, table linen, rugs, and such like.

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BIRTH CUSTOMS.

When a child was born, all the women of the neighborhood crowded to see the young mother and her child. Each woman brought a basket of dainties for the mother, or a present for the baby, or both. At this visit, it was considered a breach of etiquette if they were not presented with a glass of wine or other liquor.

If the child was baptized in the church, the bottle was passed before leaving for the church and after the return; if at home, the bottle was passed after the baptism was over.

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Those who first attempted to deviate from these old customs were regarded as "putting on airs," and were treated with contempt. But time has been hard on the customs. The automobile, the telephone, the radio, leave people no time to spend on elaborate ceremonial. The old-time *céilidh* too, has gone the way of the other customs, and with it the old tales that enlivened many a long winter's evening. No longer do seers startle their friends by the recital of their visions. The honk of the automobile has frightened away the *bochdan,* and the glare of its lights has dulled the vision of the sights of the other world. Music floods the air, but is heard only with mechanical aid. Yet there are still, in the little province by the sea, a few secluded spots unspoiled by modern inventions, where the other worldliness of the Celt may disport itself in visions and in dreams.